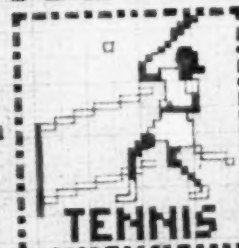
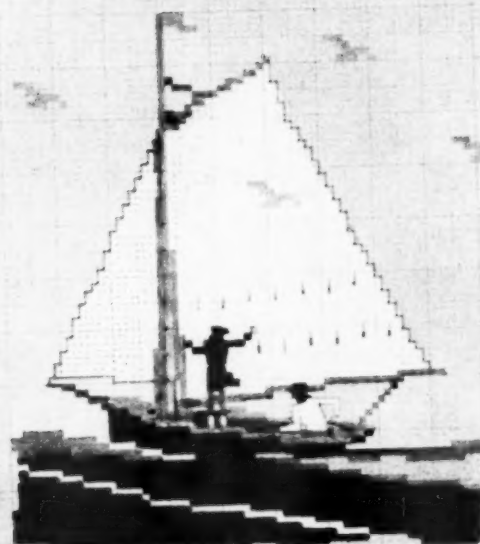


MAY 1941 *The* American Girl 15¢

FOR ALL GIRLS—PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS



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THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

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THE AMERICAN GIRL

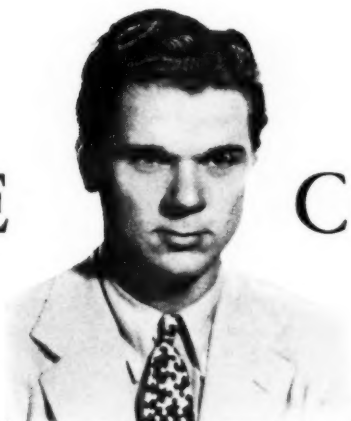
THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

MAY • 1941

JACKIE COOPER



Photograph by Clarence Bull
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Born with the love of the theater in his blood, Jackie Cooper has bridged the gap between child star and adolescent actor, and has won real fame for himself

By

HELEN GRIGSBY DOSS

I WILL never forget the first time I saw Jackie Cooper. It was seven or eight years ago. My grandfather had invited me to Santa Ana, California, for my vacation, and I hadn't been there a week when a cousin in the same city called me up.

"Would you like a chance to see Jackie Cooper?" she asked me. "They've rented a house across the street from me for some scenes in his new picture. I think it will be called *Peck's Bad Boy*."

If she said anything else, I wasn't there to hear it. Stopping only to grab a notebook and pencil (and a handful of hermits from the cookie jar) I made a record dash to her house on Riverside Drive. I was thrilled at the thought of being able to see how moving pictures were made. It was more than I had ever expected from my California vacation.

Arriving on the scene, I found the sidewalks choked with bystanders, who were held back from the lawns of the big, white house by stout ropes and stouter policemen. The filming was evidently being done in the back yard, protected from view by a screen of shrubbery and the house itself.

I retreated to my cousin's house across the street, to consider the situation. It was obvious that I could see little by trying to peer over the heads of the bystanders.

"Do you know the lady who lives next door to the house across the street?" I asked my cousin. "I would like to meet her."

She did, and took me across to make the necessary introduction. Her neighbor was raking leaves in the front yard.

"Aren't you excited about all the goings-on?" I asked, after my cousin had returned to her own house.

"I used to live in Hollywood," she laughed. "I've watched pictures being made too many times, to be excited over them."

"Do you mind my staying for a little while and peeking over your back hedge?" I asked.

"Not at all," she said cordially, and went on with her raking.

I thanked her and in two seconds I was staring absorbedly over the hedge at the scene of activity in the next yard. The doors of the three-car garage stood open, revealing fascinating movie equipment. Beyond the garage was the back lawn, where a huge camera was set up and people were running back and forth, shouting orders.

After a bit I decided that I could see more from the vantage point of

that garage. I squirmed through the hedge and found myself on the broad driveway. With a casual "hello" to a policeman on his way up front, I nonchalantly sauntered into the garage.

Inside, I stared about like a little boy at his first circus. There were rows and rows of huge lights, each—with a face nearly as big around as a barrel hoop—standing tall and one-legged on its iron pedestal and trailing its thick rubber electric cord about on the garage floor. There was an extra camera, a huge affair, sulking in one corner. There were chipped white make-up tables with bare light bulbs around their square mirrors. There were mysterious-looking trunks and boxes, and a rack of clothes labeled *Wardrobe Dep't*.

As I wormed my way across the garage to the window overlooking the back garden, property men dashed in and out, bringing in some things and taking out others; an actress came in to renew her make-up for the next scene; a script girl ran in for a new pencil out of her coat pocket. No

one paid any attention to me, and I perched myself on a battered trunk beneath the open window.

Here I had a ringside seat for all the activities in the garden. It didn't take me long to pick out Jackie Cooper, a short and almost pudgy boy in a striped sweater. He and his stand-in were playing mumblety-peg, up by the porch terrace, with a boy I recognized as Jackie Searle, one of the screen's best actors for "Mama's boy" parts. Jackie Cooper must have been nearly twelve then, and he was the quietest and most polite of the boys.

About thirty feet across the garden, facing in the general direction of the garage, was the camera equipment, and clustered about it were the directors, photographers, and electricians. The script girl and some of the actors were sitting under the trees, behind the camera, in folding canvas chairs.

First the camera man called Jackie Cooper's stand-in to come over while the cameras were being focused. They had him stand by a little dog house that squatted beneath an orange tree in the center of the garden.

"Let's throw a little more sunlight on the boy's hair," the camera man called, after squinting through the finder of his camera. Then property men scurried around and adjusted the huge metal reflectors, until the bright June sunshine glinted on the stand-in's tow head.

As soon as the cameras were focused, the director cupped his hands to his mouth and shouted, "Okay, Jackie, let's try this scene!"

Jackie Cooper, in the middle of his turn at mumblety-peg, handed the knife to one of the other boys and hurried down to the dog house. A middle-aged man, playing the part of the gardener, and the actress who was playing Jackie's mother came over and joined the conference. I could see the director gesticulating earnestly, and Jackie, his serious face intent, was nodding back. Then the group separated. They went through

the action of the scene several times. It seemed to be a very short scene, but they rehearsed it thoroughly and gravely.

Finally an assistant director blew a whistle and shouted, "Everybody quiet. This is a take."

Jackie squatted down, watching the gardener paint "Elmer, Private" on the dog house. His screen mother came down the path from the house, looking right and left, and called, "Horace!"

Jackie looked up and said, "Here he is, Mother. I told him he wouldn't do it."

"Cut!" the director called, and the cameras stopped their whirring. He addressed the actress. "Put a little more imperiousness in your tone when you say 'Horace'," he told her, and they repeated the scene.

SOMETHING went wrong again, and the scene was repeated once more. Sitting on my trunk behind the garage window, I was having a wonderful time. I would peek out for a bit, then disappear from view while my pencil made furious scribbles in my notebook. I wasn't going to miss a thing.

Again and again the scene was repeated, until finally each actor was saying his lines with just the right intonation, walking or gesturing in just the right places. Suddenly, in the middle of a scene, the director cried, "Cut!" and began going through the motions of tearing his hair. Several people were pointing at my window. The camera man threw up his hands and several men started on the run for the garage.

I was looking around innocently to see what was causing the trouble when the director and his assistants burst into the garage and faced me accusingly.

"Is *that* what was bobbing back and forth in that window?" someone demanded.

The director looked me up and down. "Is this supposed to be a new way to break into the movies?" he asked.

"I—I didn't know this window showed," I gasped. "I wouldn't want to be in the movies anyway," I added when I could get my breath again. "I want to be a writer, and I'm terribly sorry."

I must have looked very penitent, because the director boomed out, "Why be sorry you want to be a writer? I think that's fine. Come on out here where you can see things better."

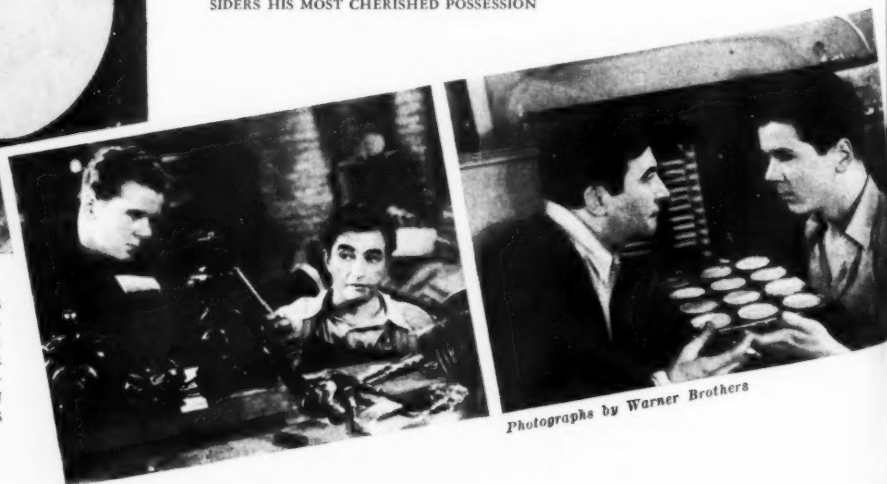
With that, he escorted me to a canvas chair behind the cameras. "I have a girl in high school about your age," he confided, "and she wants to be a writer, too."

"Are you putting me here just to keep an eye on me, so that



LEFT: JACKIE'S FAVORITE HOBBY IS PLAYING THE DRUMS, WHICH HE CONSIDERS HIS MOST CHERISHED POSSESSION

RIGHT: JACKIE AND CLAUDE RAINS ARE TRYING TO INVENT A REFRIGERATOR IN THIS SCENE FROM THE MOVIE, "WHITE BANNERS." AT FAR RIGHT: THEIR ATTEMPT IS A SUCCESS, JUDGING BY THIS MUFFIN TIN FULL OF FROZEN ICE CAKES



Photographs by Warner Brothers



Photograph by
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

I will not spoil any more pictures?" I asked the director. "There's method in my madness," he replied with a genial grin, and then he blew his whistle. This time the scene went off perfectly.

Afterwards the director brought Jackie Cooper over and introduced him to me.

"I am sorry I spoiled your scene," I told him a few minutes later, after a catering company had arrived and passed around boxes of lunch.

"That's all right," Jackie answered graciously. He sat down beside me and opened his lunch. "I guess I've spoiled lots and lots more than that."

There was a chicken sandwich on top of my box. I hadn't realized I was so hungry, and it didn't last long.

"I can remember when you played the leading rôle in *Skippy*," I said, unwrapping a cheese sandwich with chopped pickle relish. "That was about three years ago, wasn't it? It was one of my favorite pictures."

"I had lots of fun making that one," Jackie said.

"What grade are you in?" I asked.

"Sixth," said Jackie.

"How's school?" I wanted to know.

"Fine," Jackie answered. "That is, it's all fine except arithmetic. I never liked arithmetic. Geography is fun, though, and so are history and music."

"Can you play the piano?" I went on, opening a little individual bottle of milk.

"Not very well yet," Jackie told me, starting on his second sandwich. "I'd rather play drums than anything else. My Uncle Norman—he's Mr. Taurog, the director—gave me a drum for Christmas when I was four years old, and I've been playing drums ever since. My mother says she'll build me a sound-proof room to practice in, so I won't disturb the neighbors."

We were finishing the last crumbs of the chocolate cake we found at the bottom of our (Continued on page 32)

JACKIE COOPER HAD A GOOD TIME MAKING "GALLANT SONS" WITH BONITA GRANVILLE, JUNE PREISSER, AND GENE REYNOLDS--WHOM YOU MAY REMEMBER FROM "MUSIC SCHOOL"

RIGHT: JACKIE COOPER IS PROFICIENT AT DIVING, AS YOU CAN SEE FROM THIS SNAPSHOT IN THE MIDDLE OF A JACK-KNIFE. SWIMMING IS HIS FAVORITE SPORT



Photograph
by Universal
Pictures



ABOVE: JACKIE TAKES CAREFUL AIM IN "BOY SCOUTS TO THE RESCUE," A SERIAL PICTURE. LEFT: THIS PRIZE-WINNING SCHNAUZER PUP IS ONE OF JACKIE'S CLOSEST PALS. HE LIKES TO TEACH THE DOG TRICKS. FAR LEFT: JACKIE'S CAR HAS MANY SMART GADGETS, INCLUDING BUTTONS TO RAISE AND LOWER HIS RADIO AERIAL AND TO OPEN HIS GAS TANK



ONE *of* US

by MARGARET CURTIS McKAY

I WAS out by the lily pond, that July day, throwing peanuts to Flick when Billy came running up, calling, "Daddy is home and wants a conclave!"

I jumped up at once. Flick, who is a chipmunk, vanished behind the old stump. It must be important if Daddy was home as early as this and calling a conclave before dinner.

My parents have queer ideas about many things. And one of the queerest—according to Aunt Melissa, for whom, alas, I was named—is their notion that their children should be consulted about anything that affects the family as a whole.

For instance, we had a conclave—which is what we call these consultations—before my parents decided to move from the city to where we live now in Brookside, a suburb of Washington. Mother pointed out that we would all have to get up earlier to be at school on time and that we couldn't go to so many movies. Billy, who was then only eight, was the only one who didn't want to move. The rest of us, Ralph, Frances and Louise, who are twins, and I, all thought the lovely yard with a lily pond and a tennis court more than made up for being so far from school and the movies. That was two years ago, and now even Billy is glad that we came here.

Another important conclave was about Selassie, our black cat. Last year he got an infected foot. The veterinary said that Selassie must either be chloroformed at once, or have his leg amputated. The amputation would cost twenty-five dollars. Daddy said we would all have to help pay for it, which meant giving up half our allowance for eight weeks. It meant no movies and no ice-cream sodas after school. But, of course, we voted to have it done and Selassie got well. Having only three legs keeps him from catching birds. That makes us happy as well as the birds. And we pet him a lot to make it up to him, so perhaps the amputation was a blessing all around.

I know I am too long getting to the main story, but I thought I had better explain these things so you will have an idea of the Matthews household at the time of the most important conclave we ever had. Just to give a "complete picture," as Miss Arner tells us in English composition, my brother Ralph is eighteen, my twin sisters, Fran and Lou, are sixteen, I am fourteen, and Billy is ten. Truth compels me to state that I am the ugly duckling of the family, though I'm afraid I shall never turn out to be a swan. I am small and colorless alongside Fran and Lou, who are pretty and sparkling.

Now I am really coming to that all-important conclave. As I went in through the kitchen, Donie, the maid we've had for years, was putting on a clean apron. If even Donie was to be in on this, it must be important indeed.

The long and the short of it was that my parents were thinking of taking a war refugee, a fifteen-year-old English girl who had recently landed at Halifax and was already on her way to Washington. A friend of Father's had been going to take her, but his brother died suddenly and he thought he ought to help his nephews and nieces instead. So Father said he would consider taking her, but he would consult his family first.

We all shouted, "Let's take her! What fun!"

But my father raised his hand and said, "Wait, now. We must look at this proposition from every side." Then he told us that it would mean some sacrifice for each one of us. For one thing, the girl was penniless. Her parents had been killed. An aunt had got her out of England, along with her own

The Matthews family wanted to make Elizabeth, the English refugee, feel at home, but it took a chipmunk and a three-legged cat to show them how

FATHER ASKED THOSE IN FAVOR OF THE BOAT TRIP ON THE POTOMAC TO RAISE THE RIGHT HAND. OF COURSE OUR HANDS SHOT UP IMMEDIATELY

Illustrated
by
R. J.
CAVALIERE



children who were to live in Canada with relatives. But these relatives had little money and less room. If we took the girl, we should each have to give up part of our allowance so she could have some spending money. She would have to share my bedroom. And we should have to consider her in all we did.

"Like another sister," exclaimed Billy and made a face. To Billy, sisters were not always an asset. "I wish she was a boy," he added.

It would mean more work for Donie and we couldn't afford to raise her wages. But I knew Donie would like to have another outlet in the family for the molasses cookies and apple dumplings that her big black hands so love to make.

We had until the next day to think it over, and the next evening found us all firmly decided to take her. Mother passed us slips of paper for the voting.

"Before you write *yes* or *no*," she warned us, "each of you must be very sure. Remember, we know nothing whatever about the girl except that her name is Elizabeth Maltby, that she is fifteen years old, of good family, and hasn't a cent in the world."

I tried to think of a single reason why I wouldn't want the girl to come, and I couldn't find one. Neither could any of the others, so the conclave broke up in considerable excitement.

Ralph said, "I'll give her my new tennis racket and teach



her to play tennis. That will be a lot of fun for her."

"Maybe she knows how already—maybe she can beat you," retorted Billy. Ralph made a dive at him to chastise him for such impudence, Nippy, the fox terrier, started to bark, and there was a small riot which Mother had to quell.

Billy went off shouting, "I'll teach her mumbly-peg! I'll bet no English girl ever heard of *that* game."

Fran and Lou said they would give a party for her. I went upstairs to look over my room. I began to clean out my bureau drawers and to plan which ones I would turn over to my new roommate.

That was on Tuesday. Elizabeth was to arrive in time for dinner Thursday evening. Thursday is Donie's day off, but she insisted on staying to cook what she called a "real sho 'nuf dinnuh" for the newcomer.

Even Mother was excited. I could tell by the way she kept picking up, then laying aside the sweater she is knitting for the Red Cross. We all wanted to go to the station to meet Elizabeth, but Mother said, no, Father was to go alone. It would be too overpowering to be met in a public place by such a bunch of wild Indians.

The only living creature not excited in our house that afternoon was Selassie. He hobbled to his favorite chair and, after giving himself a good washing, went to sleep.

It was hot and we had on our coolest clothing. Fran and Lou looked pretty in their white sharkskin, sunback dresses. Ralph had on his best white trousers. I knew he wanted to make an impression on Elizabeth because, instead of a sport shirt, he had put on a shirt with a stiff collar and tie, his best tie. Billy never can look anything but grubby, but he had tried to comb his hair, so that only half of it stood on end instead of all of it as usual. He kept racing with Nippy across the front lawn, peering down the road to see if they were coming.

"Shall we kiss her, Mother?" asked Fran.

"I shall kiss her," put in Lou. "She's to be our sister, isn't she? Well, we should make her feel right away that we love her."

"Well, dears," said Mother, "do what seems natural at the time, but remember, everything will be strange to her. I shall have to turn her over to you children for the next two weeks or so, as I've promised to go every day to the Red Cross. I know you will try to make Elizabeth happy."

"We will, Mother. Don't you worry," we all chimed in.

A sudden shout came from Billy. "Here they come!"

The car turned into the driveway. I shut my eyes and whispered to myself, "When you open your eyes, Melissa Matthews, you will see—actually see—a refugee from war-

torn England." I heard the car door bang and Father's voice, "Well, children, here she is—Elizabeth Maltby!"

Into my head at that minute flashed the images of Jane Eyre and Cathy and Elizabeth Bennett and little Nell and Florence Dombey. From the time I was six years old, Mother has read to us nearly every evening. She sometimes says I am the only one of her children who has the "gleam"—whatever that is. Perhaps she means that I never find those English stories long-winded and tiresome, as Fran and Lou and Ralph often do.

"I love you, Elizabeth Maltby, no matter what," I said to myself. "If for no other reason, just on account of all those girls in the books." I felt sort of solemn as if I had taken an oath. Then I opened my eyes.

I saw a thin, dark girl in a black dress and black straw hat. The dress was too long and the hat was queer. She wasn't pretty and she looked white and tired. Just as Fran and Lou and Ralph were crowding about her, Nippy suddenly leaped at her. It was his joyous way of welcoming her, but it startled her. She pushed him off and for an instant I thought she was going to burst into tears. Instead, she drew herself up and said, "How do you do," stiffly, holding out her hand.

Lou did not kiss her. Something about her forbade it. We all shook hands, feeling suddenly awkward and tongue-tied.

Mother drew her gently toward the house, saying, "You must be awfully tired. Dinner won't be ready for half an hour, so you can have a little rest."

I wanted to go up with her to my room, but Mother waved me back.

Things would go better at dinner, I thought, but they didn't. Elizabeth talked very little, and she hardly touched Donie's good fried chicken.

Billy burst out, "Don't you like it?"

She answered, "I'm not hungry."

After dinner, when Lou passed some fudge she had made, Elizabeth said, "No, thank you. I don't eat sweets."

The way she pronounced her words and the inflection she gave them, sounded queer to us. For instance, *don't* sounded like *daon't*, and *no* like *nay-o*.

After dinner, the twins dragged her off to show her around the yard and I tagged along. We went past the tennis court and along the path above the brook to the deep place where the neighborhood children go swimming.

"We'll go swimming to-morrow morning," said Lou. "I'll lend you a bathing suit if you haven't one."

"Thank you," replied Elizabeth coolly, "but I don't like the water."

Fran put her arm around her. "Okay, old dear, you don't have to. Say, do we have to call you Elizabeth? I like Betty as a nickname. May we call you that?"

"I think not. Only my best friends call me Betty."

It was almost as if she had slapped Fran, who took her arm from around Elizabeth's waist and began to talk to Lou about the tennis tournament. After that we sat out by the lily pond watching the fireflies as it grew dark, until I suggested to Elizabeth that we go to bed.

When she was ready for bed she picked up an armful of clothing she had unpacked and said, "Where shall I put these so the laundress will do them to-morrow?"

"Donie doesn't wash until Monday," I told her. "To-morrow's Friday, and she will be off after breakfast. She stayed in to-day because you were coming."

"Well, maybe the cook will do them for me," she answered, not seeming to comprehend that Donie is all the cook we have.

I stared. "The cook? But Donie's it! She is our only maid and she does everything—except my father's shirts."

Elizabeth's mouth opened in astonishment. I hurried on, "If we want things done between times, we do them ourselves. Fran and Lou and I always do our own underwear and stockings, anyway."

She said nothing, only dropped the clothes in the middle of the floor and got into bed. As I was already in bed, on the studio couch—I had given her my bed—I thought she might have turned off the light. However, I didn't say anything, but got up and switched it off myself. I was a long time getting to sleep that night. Just as I was dozing off, I thought I heard a smothered sob.

It was that sound which made me get up early next morning, gather up that pile of clothes, and slip down to the basement to wash them. I hung them out to dry just as the sun began to turn the drops of dew on the shrubbery into diamonds.

Elizabeth never inquired about the clothes, even when late in the day they appeared folded in a neat pile on her dressing table.

As we girls got dinner that evening, we tried to draw her into the fun. On Donie's day off, one of us always tries a



SHE SAT DOWN BESIDE SELASSIE AND
CAUGHT THE CAT UP IN HER ARMS.
"NICE OLD PUSSY," SHE CROONED

new dish. It was my turn to act as chef this evening.

"Don't you want to help me?" I asked Elizabeth. "You could beat the eggs."

"I'll help you, of course," she replied with a kind of stiff politeness.

"Oh, never mind," I said hastily. "You'd better go out to the porch—it's cooler there."

"Very well, if you daon't mind," she answered.

Well, that was that. I fought back angry tears of disappointment. How differently things were turning out from the way we had expected! And they went from bad to worse. She refused to come down to meet Fran's and Lou's friends on Saturday night. The twins were good and mad about that. They had talked about our refugee and everyone was dying to meet her. Ralph, too, had counted on showing her off to his friends, and she wouldn't even play tennis with him in our own yard.

Mother might have helped, if she hadn't been up to her ears in Red Cross work. As it was, we children struggled on, trying to be friendly and to get Elizabeth to do the things we did. Billy voiced our secret feelings one afternoon at the swimming pool when he said openly, "I don't like her. She is mean to Nippy and she acts as if I weren't there."

I remembered the solemn promise I had made to myself just before I saw her—to love her, no matter what, on ac-

count of the girls in England's books. And I tried my best. I gave her my bubble beads and my charm bracelet, but she never wore them. I ignored her silences and talked away, pretending she was interested. But she just walked off, leaving me to talk to the rose bushes, or the reading lamp, or whatever it was we happened to be near.

The only member of the family Elizabeth seemed not to dislike was Selassie. It was seeing her with him that made me think she did, after all, have an affectionate nature. Selassie had hobbled out to the lily pond and was sitting, gazing majestically down at the gold fish darting about among the lily pads. I was stretched out with a book behind a clump of butterfly bushes, and Elizabeth didn't know I was there. She sat down beside Selassie and caught him up in her arms.

"Nice old pussy cat," she crooned. "Nice, poor, poor black pussy!" I could hardly believe my ears or my eyes, and then and there I made up my mind to win her. I knew she would never be happy unless she learned to like us.

Already, all of us had done everything we knew to make her happy. Ralph had taken her to the movies, tried to take her to a dance, tried to get her to play tennis; Fran and Lou had had their friends in, and they had showered her with invitations to parties and badminton and what not; I had washed her stockings and underwear for her every day, had given her my books and jewelry and tried to get her to go over to my best friend's house. (Sheila Evans is my best friend). But she resisted every one of us. She seemed to prefer to mope about alone. The consequence was, of course, that everyone began to dislike her and to show it, too. They couldn't help it. And Elizabeth grew whiter and thinner and more and more unhappy.

One night, when she had been with us about three weeks, I woke up suddenly. I didn't know what woke me. I sat up in bed, feeling confused and frightened. The room was very still. I listened intently, wide awake now. Then I heard from downstairs the soft closing of a door.

I scrambled out of bed and crossed the room. Elizabeth's bed was empty. I ran to the window that looks out on the back yard.

It was one of those lovely, soft moon-lit nights, the kind Shakespeare must have been thinking of when he wrote those lines we had to learn in school, beginning, "On such a night as this—" And then I saw Elizabeth glide across the yard like a ghost, and limping after her went Selassie, a small, misshapen shadow on the silvery brightness of the lawn.

I put on my slippers, grabbed my kimono, and crept down-

stairs. Tip-toe, I followed Elizabeth into the garden. She was huddled on the bench under the big oak. Selassie was clutched tightly against her breast and she was sobbing—long, shuddering sobs.

I stood still behind her in the shadow, not knowing what to do. I had never seen anyone cry like that before and I felt frightened.

"I can't bear it, I can't bear it," she said over and over, and I knew she had no idea I was there.

As I watched her, "scales fell from my eyes," as the fairy books say, and I saw myself in Elizabeth's place, in a foreign

country among strange people. I felt the loneliness, the strangeness. Forgetting everything else, I came and sat down beside her. "Elizabeth—oh, Elizabeth, I know how you must feel," I said. Then I began to cry, too.

She gave a start. Selassie wriggled free and jumped down from her lap. I put my arms around Elizabeth and for a long time we cried together. Then, without saying a word, we got up and walked back to the house, holding hands. Before going upstairs we had some bread and milk. Still neither of us said a word, but before she got into bed she gave my hand a squeeze. She went to sleep before I did.

The next morning Elizabeth seemed so tired that Mother persuaded her to stay in bed. About the middle of the morning, I went out to my favorite seat by the lily pond. Ralph and the twins had gone on a picnic and Billy and Nippy were off somewhere, so Selassie and I had the yard to ourselves.

The lily pond was very still under the oak trees. Even the gold fish were resting. Presently a frog leaped on a lily pad and gave a hollow *ga-lumpb*. I did not move. Only part of my mind saw the frog and the pool and the trees. The rest of it was taken up with Elizabeth and the problem of making her happier. There must be some way. Flick, the chipmunk, frisked into sight from behind his stump. I had forgotten to bring peanuts and he seemed indignant. As I did not move, he grew bolder and came almost (Continued on page 36)

Spring Comes to the City

By DOROTHY BROWN THOMPSON

They measured spring in London
(those years and years ago)
By wheel-on-cobbles rumbling
of barrows to and fro,
When root-sellers went calling
their cry housewives would know,
"All a-growing,
"All a-blowing!"
Then, clattering on cobbles,
swift feet would run to bring
Home to a city garden
the roots of country spring,
A violet, a primrose, live threads
where clods could cling,
"All a-growing,
"All a-blowing!"
To-day, our city springtime
still roots in country mold,
New as a breath of promise,
old as our need is old;
Although street-cries are silent,
still Earth's glad tale is told,
"All a-growing,
"All a-blowing!"

EARLY BIRDS by

FLORENCE PAGE JAQUES

With humor and vividness, the wife of a famous bird artist tells of her first experiences on a birding week-end—and how she became an enthusiast herself

Illustrated by FRANCIS LEE JAQUES

I KNEW I was marrying a bird artist, but I didn't realize how continually I was going to be mixed up with birds. They seemed to be in-laws of mine. What would this do to me? Here was a whole week-end crammed with birds and bird-lovers approaching me.

I remembered with horror that I used to laugh at little groups of people on our campus, standing under trees, heads tipped back, their field glasses like long black eyestalks arising, chirps and clucks issuing from their lips. Such oddities, I had thought blithely, as I tore by.

Now I was one.

I didn't mind being one, just by myself or with Lee. But bird-lovers all over our lives? I didn't know.

However, I would soon find out. Maunsell Crosby had asked us up to his place in Rhinebeck for one of his birding week-ends. I was excited about being included in a bird expedition, even a small one. But I felt rather like a collie joining a pack of bloodhounds.

Maunsell Crosby was a most enthusiastic naturalist. On his estate at Rhinebeck he had kept careful census lists, over a period of years, of the birds which appeared there month by month. Especially in the spring he had week-end guests who went with him on all-day field trips, listing the birds they heard and saw, and vying energetically with each other. Lee had been in Rhinebeck, the winter before, to make sketches for a duck painting, but he had never seen the place in fair weather.

Maunsell, a big man full of life and cordiality, met us at the train and drove us through the country roads shimmering with newly hatched leaves and drifted fruit blossoms. We turned into a lane by an orchard where the tilted petals were as delicate as ivory and frail coral. Soon we came to a pleasant

lilacs and damp leaves, and having tea with a neighboring family, seemed normal enough. Birds came into the conversation only casually, and my wariness relaxed.

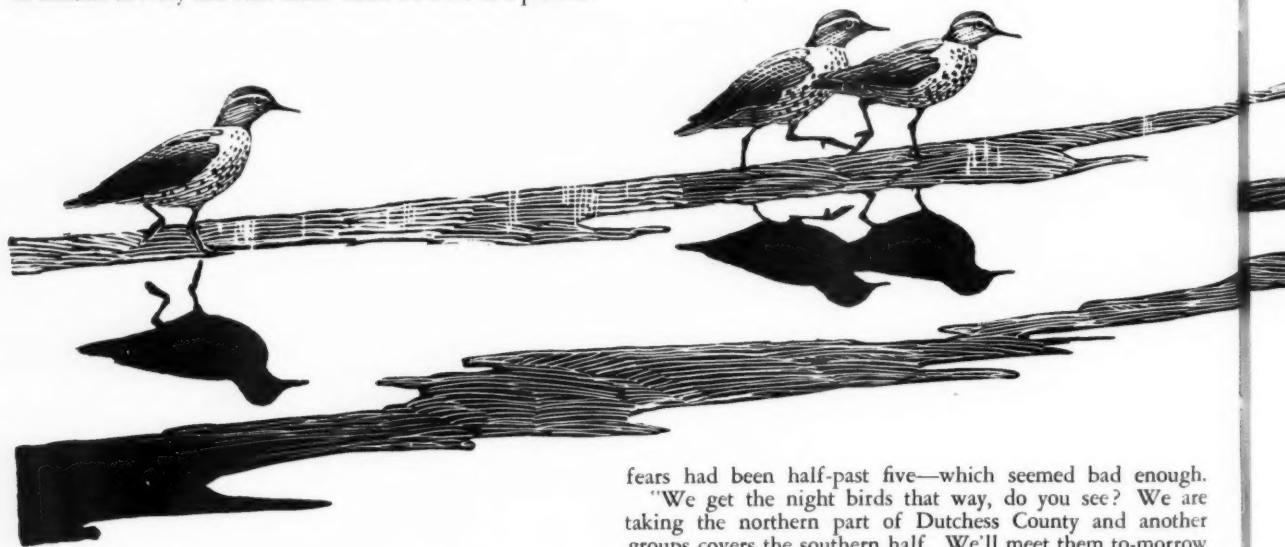
Back at the Crosby house again, we were given two charming rooms at the northwest corner of the house. I longed to lean out the window and watch the delicate nets of the locust leaves as they darkened against the dream-clear evening sky, but I had to hurry for dinner.

After dinner, we had coffee in a yellow drawing-room and Mr. F— played Bach for us, while our host showed us his daughter's poetry. A little after ten, Maunsell suggested that we might like to get some sleep. "We get up frightfully early, you know, Florence. I hope you won't mind."

"Oh, I won't mind at all. When do we start?"

"Half-past two."

I hope my eyes didn't get as round as they felt; my worst



old mansion surrounded by locust trees, whose thorny black trunks were veiled in filigrees of pale green. Here we met the other guest, a keen and profound ornithologist from Boston. I felt a little sorry for any birds who might try to evade him; they could not be stern and rockbound enough to stand against him, I was sure.

Driving around the estate, misted with green, scented with

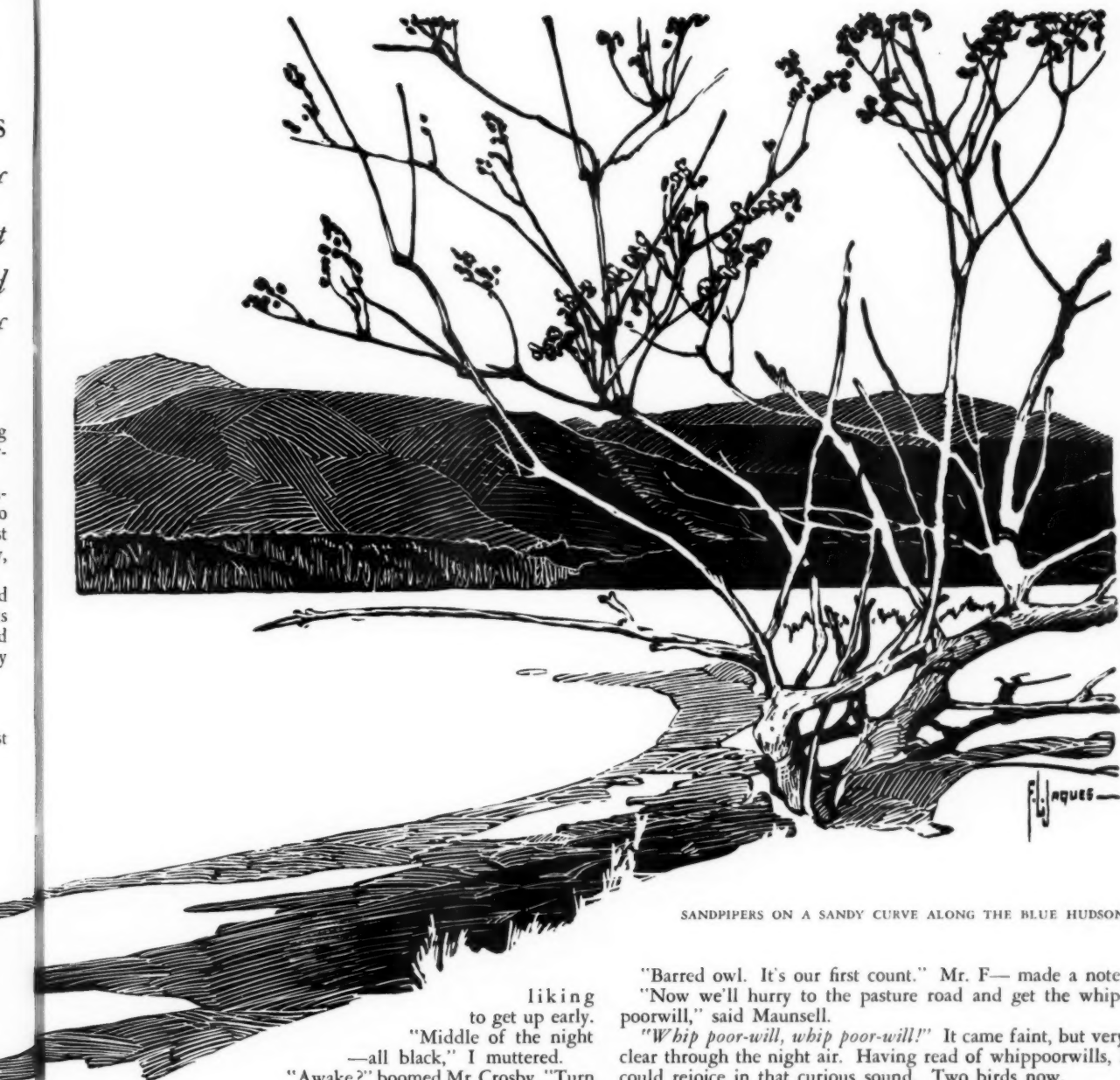
fears had been half-past five—which seemed bad enough.

"We get the night birds that way, do you see? We are taking the northern part of Dutchess County and another group covers the southern half. We'll meet them to-morrow night and compare our lists."

I walked upstairs without looking at Lee. This was like learning to swim by being thrown into Niagara Falls—this, as an introduction to a bird walk.

It seemed I had only been asleep a minute when a knock on the door awakened us.

"Right!" Lee answered in a festive voice that made me want to throw my pillow at him. He is as bad as a bird for



SANDPIPERS ON A SANDY CURVE ALONG THE BLUE HUDSON

liking
to get up early.
"Middle of the night
—all black," I muttered.
"Awake?" boomed Mr. Crosby. "Turn
on your light, Jaques." It was evident that he
had no trust in cheery voices. He had to be shown.
Lee got up. "All set."

"Meet you downstairs in ten minutes."
I staggered in a weak-kneed manner around the room.
"Quarter after two," I grumbled. "What do you wear at a
quarter after two?"

When I had collected myself and my apparel, I followed
Lee downstairs. In the dining room was Maunsell and a
midnight lunch, sandwiches on a tray and thermos bottles of
coffee. I woke up a little. This was rather fun. Mr. F—
appeared and, after coffee, we gathered up our field glasses.

Out in the black night the car stood waiting. We moved
swiftly down the drive, past the pale blurs of the orchard.

"By these woods we might get something," Maunsell said
after a time. He stopped the car. A moment of silence in
the dark. The woods were bulky against the dark gray sky.

"Hoo-hoo-hoo!" far off. I knew, myself, that was an owl.

"Barred owl. It's our first count." Mr. F— made a note.
"Now we'll hurry to the pasture road and get the whip-
poorwill," said Maunsell.

"Whip poor-will, whip poor-will!" It came faint, but very
clear through the night air. Having read of whippoorwills, I
could rejoice in that curious sound. Two birds now.

I have no recollection of the order of our next discoveries,
partly because I had a relapse into sleepiness again and partly
because I had never heard of such birds. I only remember
the cold and the dark lessening inch by inch, a morning star
brilliant in the east, a few chirps, then bird songs rising here
and there like stray Roman candles. At last a radiant rosiness
and bursts of song like sky rockets all about us.

"How about the marsh before breakfast?" Maunsell asked.

"It's a great place in early morning," Lee said. "Let's go."

By a green, frog-haunted marsh still veiled in fog, we
left the car. Then, walking, we came to a stop on a sand
bank. It was chilly in the mistiness and only a muffled
croaking broke the silence. Mr. F— made me jump by
clapping his hands sharply together, and then to my aston-
ishment Maunsell drew a pistol from his pocket and fired
it into the air.

"No rails," he said as the odor of the smoke died away.
"They're sure to cry out at the sound of a shot, if they're here."

"Do you carry that pistol just to fire it for the rails?" I said.

"Yes, it means one more bird to count for our list. In this way you have a chance to hear a rail, but it's a rare thing indeed to see one. They run through the dense reeds—and no matter how closely the stems grow they seem to slip between them."

"Oh!" I said, comprehending.

"What do you mean 'Oh'?" Lee asked.

"I always thought 'thin as a rail' meant a rail from a fence. But it's the bird," I explained.

Lee and I went down along the sand to see what we could discover while the others splashed along a boggy brook. "This is a very odd occupation for three grown men," I said dreamily. "Nonsense—but nice enough if it wasn't so long between breakfasts."

The air was faintly fragrant, the colors all about us were Botticelli's own. Delicate willow boughs of amber green trailed against the quiet water and a meadow lark was singing. Walking in the new grass, each sharp green blade sheathed in dew, while the swirls of mist floated past, was an ethereal wading. Beginning leaves made an airiness of pale green and gray and silver.

But then Lee decided that he hadn't been generous enough about lending me his field glasses and forced them on me.

I hated those field glasses. They were too heavy for me and they jiggled. I could never succeed in locating anything through them. Lee was so anxious for me to see that he got frantic if I fussed with the lens and missed his bird, and I couldn't see with his focus. So my method was to take a quick look at the bird with my own eyes—I could generally see it reasonably well—then look blindly through the glasses and say, "Oh, yes!" and then look with my own eyes again.

But I missed many birds by that method. I missed a bittern that morning. I was sorry, for Lee had inadvertently startled a subway crowd one night by imitating a bittern's guttural pumping for me, and I had a desire to see the bird.

To cover my failure I asked, "What's that big dark bird, Lee?"

"A crow, darling," he said, far, far too patiently. "You ought to know a crow." But just then a loon flying across the pond surprised him. Loons mean northern Minnesota to him, and in his pleasure at the sight of one he forgot my mistake.

"And there is another bittern, just by that grass clump!" I saw that one. What a grotesque creature! Its head pointed vertically upward, with the beak high in the air so that the whole bird looked like a crooked stake—no wonder it used to be considered sinister. A bittern is a hermit, Lee told me, and its only amusement seems to be its imitations of pumping and driving stakes. It looks so much like a post, you wonder why it doesn't drive itself into the marsh with those noises. When it is frightened it often "freezes" with its head erect. A party of birders, following the board walk through the Troy meadows, passed a bittern within arms' length and not one of them noticed it until the last man spied it and reached down and picked it up by the bill.

Maunsell was calling us in. We hurried back to the car. "We'll try these hills," he said, "and stop on the other side at an inn for breakfast."

So after a brisk run up a steep meadow—where we found doves, I think—we came to the inn with its sunny room and purple lilacs outside the windows, and ordered mammoth breakfasts.

"You seem to go to a certain spot and find the exact bird you want," I said to Maunsell. "I thought birds went their own sweet way, here, there, and everywhere."

"Not at all. Birds are closely tied to their special environment," Mr. F— said. "Just as you'll find a jacksnipe in a boggy field and an oriole in an orchard." He proceeded to tell me about bird distribution in North and South America. I was flattered by his casual use of Latin names when I didn't know half the English ones I'd heard.

"There's a big bird now," I interrupted excitedly, looking out of the window.

"It's a crow," Lee said. "We've counted it." I kicked him under the table.

Strengthened by our repast, we started out again, my spirits rising higher after my hot coffee. We ranged over hill and dale, popping in and out of the car like cuckoos from a clock. Swans on a reedy pond—it surprised me to find that introduced swans had become wild in this country; sandpipers on

a sandy curve along the blue Hudson, with cliffs of translucent azure, lilac, and heliotrope beyond the water; orioles in bright orange flashes across the little roads.

The blue air danced about us. Everything danced. In the short grass, violets and buttercups abounded. Birds skipped about the branches, and in the moist soil earthworms wriggled blissfully through the ground. I myself felt proud at keeping up with the three men as they crashed vigorously through hedges and climbed steep-cut banks with abandon.

"Put peacock on your list," I whispered to Lee. "I'm one."

I learned much about the technique of this hunting. I learned that I must freeze stiff when someone stalked a bird, and stare into space for minutes at a time while someone else tried to hear a suspected song. After being looked at for making small excursions of my own, I began to wait reverently while long discussions raged over my head. Primaries and sec-

ondaries—they sounded more political than ornithological to my mind; coverts were things, I had been sure, that the gamekeepers beat the birds out from, in old-fashioned English novels, but these men seemed to find them *on* the birds. I became almost morbidly humble in the face of all this.

Anyway, I know about flowers, I consoled myself. These auriculars they're talking about, I know about them, too. Only it's

"Auriculars, anemones,

"Roses and lilies,

"And Canterbury bells." (Continued on page 37)



A GREAT BLUE HERON

THE FIDDLE

By
ELIZABETH CURTIS

Illustrated by the Author



*When Gildickon, the kindly elf,
set back the hands of the clock
on Boston Common, he changed
the fate of Ben, the bootblack*

ONE morning Gildickon was strolling on Boston Common. He had nothing to do and all day to do it in, so there was no hurry. He came upon a bootblack sitting on a bench, feeding the pigeons. The boy whistled and the birds flew to perch on his shoulder, pecking at a sugar-bun he had in his hand.

"Here's a generous fellow," thought Gil. "I should enjoy doing some little favor for him." This was not as easy as thinking, for although Gil had many unusual qualities, he was, after all, only an invisible elf and he had no idea what little favor might be welcome. "Ten to one the boy wants money," he concluded. "Most people do." To get money a bootblack must shine shoes; to shine shoes, there must be shoes to shine, so Gil reasoned.

Near the park bench was a street crossing where there was a big puddle left in a hollow of the pavement by a sprinkling cart. Gil stationed himself in the middle of it and splashed

the shoes of every one who passed. It was surprising how many people stopped for a shine when they reached the bootblack's corner. "How seldom it is," thought Gil, as he jumped up and down, "that doing a good deed is so pleasant!"

All the morning the bootblack did a thriving business. As he worked, he whistled such a lively tune that his customers could hardly stand still and afterward went dancing off to their jobs. Gildickon, prancing in the puddle, felt the muscles of his calves twitch and tingle. He leaped higher and higher, snapping his fingers. "I haven't cut such capers in a dog's age," he chuckled, "not since Tony fiddled on the flat rock of Mount Lladelock!"

Gil pranced and the whistling boy blacked boots until the sun dried up the puddle. Then there were no more customers. The boy sat on the bench to rest. His arms ached, but his pockets were heavy with nickels.

Gil was tired, too, with all the jumping about. He crawled into the box among the brushes and bottles of polish for a wink of sleep. "Ay, yi," he yawned, "I am growing old. It must be three or four hundred years since Tony fiddled on Mount Lladelock. The truth is, my conscience has been uneasy ever since." He gave himself up to his reflections.

It had begun in the shop of Simon, the wheelwright, in the ancient city of Chester. Gildickon, with his unerring nose for adventure, had been in and out of the place plenty of times and noted nothing out of the common, only that Simon's apprentice boy, Tony, was a jolly good-for-nothing who sang and whistled, day in and day out, and did less work than a broken clothespin.

Simon the wheelwright was an honest man and a good craftsman. He made excellent, well-balanced spinning wheels and did a humming trade. At odd moments he also made musical instruments, lutes and viols, which were popular at that time. Dealing in such frivolous toys was flat against the straight-laced Simon's principles, but he never could resist the tempting prices they brought.

He often warned his young apprentice, however, against the evils of music and dancing. Tony listened with little attention and less profit, for there was nothing he liked so well as a good tune—and if he did not indulge in dancing, it was not from principle but from pure laziness. It was usually too much trouble for Tony to bestir himself.

One day a traveler passed that way. "In Italy," he said, "they make a wonderful new instrument, much finer than anything you have in this barbarous country."

"Is that so?" said Simon. "What is it, and how is it made?"

"Thus and so," said the traveler, "and they call it a violin."

After the traveler had gone, Simon kept in his mind all that he had heard and went to work to make a violin. "For," he thought, "if it is so superior, I can sell it for an even larger sum than I do my lutes." He was a skillful craftsman and he had, besides, what is called intuition. He bent and molded the vibrant wood, shaping it, fitting and gluing the pieces together with infinite care. Gildickon, when he dropped in at the shop, watched with interest; anything new and unusual always caught his fancy. Also he appreciated good craftsmanship when he saw it.

When the violin was finished, Simon tuned it and drew a bow across the taut strings for the benefit of his friends and neighbors.

"Wonderful!" they all cried.

"Not bad," said Simon. "I shall sell it to some great noble for a fat price."

Tony, the apprentice, was more pleased than anyone. Scraping away on a fiddle was just the sort of activity that suited him, and Simon himself could not draw such pretty tunes from it as he could. Gildickon listened, enchanted. He tingled and twitched all down his spine. "Oh, this is what we fairy folk need for our dances on Mount Lladelock!" he thought, and he began to plot and scheme to get possession of Simon's masterpiece.

PRESENTLY he appeared at the door of the wheelwright's shop in the form of a spruce young serving man. He said he came from a great baron who lived over the mountain in Wales, that the fame of Simon's violin had reached them, and that the baron desired to hear the instrument with an ear to purchasing. Simon must come at once.

The worthy wheelwright was torn two ways, for it was market day in Chester and he counted on a pretty profit from his spinning wheels, yet where could he find a more likely purchaser for the violin?

"My master will give you ten pieces of gold if he is pleased," said the groom, temptingly.

Well had Gil laid his plan. Simon was at his wits' end.

"Tony," he said, "you must take the violin to the baron.



THE SHOPKEEPER POINTED OUT TO BEN THAT THE FIDDLE HAD BEEN PURCHASED LONG AGO FROM AN IMMIGRANT LAD WHO HAD JUST LANDED IN THIS COUNTRY

Show him he is making no mistake and," he added, drawing Tony aside, "do not leave the instrument until you have the ten gold pieces in your pocket."

So Tony wrapped the violin in soft sheepskin and set out with the cheerful groom. They stepped along briskly until they had left the city and the open fields behind and came to the hills. Then the baron's servant went slower. Tony, who was never one for haste, readily fell in with the pace. They took a long time to climb the mountain. When they reached the flat top of Mount Lladelock, "Let's rest," said the groom, and Tony fell in with that, too.

The sun went down. "We'd better be moving," remarked Tony at last.

"No hurry, the moon will be rising presently," said the groom with an impish grin. "And before we go, I'd like fine to hear that fiddle thing, if you'd oblige me for a minute or two."

"With all the pleasure in the world," Tony answered. "I could play for a hundred years." He tucked the violin under his chin and struck up a tripping, lilting melody. As he played, the baron's servant melted away into the summer twilight, and from the forest, from the rocks and trees, came trooping hordes of the Little People, keen for a frolic; never had they reveled to such music.

Thus it happened that Tony and the violin never reached the baron's castle, nor ever returned to the wheelwright's



shop. Simon loudly regretted his losses—his fiddle and his gold and even his apprentice, for Tony was a likable fellow despite his laziness. People believed Tony had run away and joined the vagabonds and strolling players who wandered through the countryside, taking the fiddle with him.

Gildickon did not feel quite easy in his mind about the matter, for he realized he had played a mean trick, but what could he do about it now? He knew well that it would be a couple of hundred years before the fairies would set Tony free again. Simon would never get his fiddle back—and all because he, Gildickon, enjoyed dancing on Mount Lladelock and couldn't keep his nose out of other people's business. The truth was, he was ashamed of himself. The incident gave him a distaste for the neighborhood so he tucked his

troubles under his cap and set out to leave Mount Lladelock behind him.

Gildickon had gone thus far in his reflections when he was tumbled back into the present day by the bootblack's picking up his box and starting for home. "Heigh-ho," thought Gil, "bygones are bygones. I might as well go along with this lively fellow and see what he does with all his money."

The bootblack lived up four flights of stairs. His mother was getting dinner as he came in. "Look at all the money I made to-day," he said, emptying his pockets. "Now I will buy me a fiddle."

"A fiddle? A fiddlestick!" exclaimed the mother. "What would you do with a fiddle?" (Continued on page 41)

THE OFFICE WORKER'S JOB

AMONG the interesting letters which came to us following the publication of *The Secretary's Job* in the June, 1940 issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, was one so thought-provoking that it formed the inspiration for this companion piece, *The Office Worker's Job*. Here is the letter in part:

"I read your article in THE AMERICAN GIRL about the private secretary and I think it's swell. Miss Katherine Kent had just about everything it takes to be an important business woman. She was wonderful.

"But what I want to ask you is, 'Do you think there are other jobs for girls in an office where they would not have to know so much?' I will finish high school next June and there's not much chance of my going to college. I would like to work for about three years and then get married.

"Of course I would want to do my work right, and would like my boss to be satisfied with the way I did it, but I don't expect such a big job as Katherine Kent had."

Well, there are many girls who, like the writer of this letter, plan to follow a business career only a few years between high school and marriage. It isn't at all necessary for them to be private secretaries. In fact, just as there are many more girls in the group to which the writer of the letter belongs than in the one to which those who make a permanent career of business belong, just so there are many more of the minor positions than of the executive ones. Let's look around a bit to see what jobs might answer our correspondent's abilities and her desires.

Perhaps the writer of this letter—and perhaps you, too—would like a position as a stenographer and are wondering what such work is like. Well, if you had such a job, you would arrive promptly on Monday morning, put your desk and your equipment in order, then go into your employer's office for two, three, or four hours of dictation. There would be letters, telegrams, memoranda, or what have you. After luncheon you would work steadily at your type-

writer until you had transcribed all the morning's dictation, checking your enclosures and your names carefully before placing the transcriptions on your employer's desk to be signed and approved. Perhaps you would have an office boy to seal, stamp, and mail these letters; perhaps you would have a clerk to file your carbon copies. But again you might do all this yourself in a small office, or in a large firm where the work is decentralized. You might answer the telephone, receive callers, open the mail, or do a little bookkeeping, if there were not enough dictation to fill your day. Often stenographers perform, on a small scale, duties similar to those of a private secretary.

Many large firms use a centralized stenographic system



YOU WOULD GO INTO YOUR EMPLOYER'S OFFICE FOR TWO OR THREE HOURS OF DICTATION, AND IN THE AFTERNOON YOU WOULD WORK STEADILY AT YOUR TYPEWRITER UNTIL YOU HAD TRANSCRIBED ALL OF THE LETTERS AND MEMORANDA

SWENDELL
CAMPBELL

Illustrated by
S. WENDELL CAMPBELL

By ANNE SARACHON HOOLEY

Director of the Sarachon Hooley Schools of Secretarial Training

The author of "The Secretary's Job" discusses the opportunities in "junior" office jobs and what the necessary qualifications are



NO MATTER WHAT YOUR WORK, GOOD GROOMING AND ENTHUSIASM FOR YOUR TASK WILL BE INDISPENSABLE ASSETS

with all the girls in one main office under a chief stenographer, who assigns each girl to an executive for dictation as the need arises. This way you would not always work for the same man, and you might take some dictation from two or three in the same day. This is a highly mechanized plan with much of the personal touch removed and, for that reason, it is not so popular with the girls themselves. Here you would have a volume of the same kind of work, of turning out letter after letter for several hours. Yet there are many offices, large and small, where each girl does the stenographic work for one executive, or one private secretary.

Or you might be a Dictaphone or Ediphone stenographer. In that case you would arrive in the morning to find a rack of wax cylinders, all filled with dictation, which you would place on a transcribing machine and type without seeing the person whose letters you handle. At the end of the day you would return them for signature to the executive who dictated them, just as you would the kind of correspondence which has been personally dictated to you.

All of these positions require a certain amount of training and, if at all possible, you should prepare for them with a good business course. While you may think now that you will work only two or three years,

keep in mind the possibility that this plan may change—and make your beginning so that, should the need arise, you will be prepared to go on to a higher and better salaried position. In case it doesn't, then you are just in possession of a reserve asset.

Undoubtedly you will find business school very different from your academic years; it carries the satisfaction of doing things which can be measured, and the combination of mental and physical effort involved is usually fascinating. Like Tom Sawyer, Mark Twain's famous boy character who loved to whitewash a fence because he could see what he was doing, the study of shorthand and typing constantly leads you on with interest, because you can "see what you are doing" as you advance day by day.

Select a business school that is thorough in its training, not because it promises a job or because it guarantees you won't have to work hard. If the school does its part well, you can

get a job easily; and if you do your work well, the course will be fairly easy. Above all, don't select a school for its social affairs, or its basketball team. No prospective employer has ever asked, so far as we know, whether your business training included basketball or bowling. In addition to shorthand and typing, your stenographic course should include letter-writing, both as to mechanical set-up and style, filing, and a thorough review of grammar and punctuation. Of course you know that a stenographer's indispensable asset is the ability to spell. There are several other courses, immensely valuable and a good investment of time, but these are the minimum essentials.

The advantage of the stenographer's job lies both in salary and in interest. Your dictation will deal with the satisfying of Mr. Jones when he doesn't receive his shipment on time, collecting Mr. Smith's account (Continued on page 42)



PAM'S LIGHT WEIGHT, MOVING, HAD SET UP A PERILOUS SWAYING, BUT AFTER A LONG MOMENT IT STOPPED

The Story So Far

Pamela, motherless daughter of Charles Strong, famous explorer-writer, had lived all her life with her grandmother in a gloomy old Chicago mansion. At her grandmother's death, her father comes home from Java, wiring her beforehand that he has some surprises for her. The surprises are startling: first, a brand-new stepmother, Judy, a former medical missionary in Java; then Judy's brother, Tim Garwyn, a sulky boy Pam's own age; and last but not least, a present for her sixteenth birthday, an adobe house in Arizona, where the family plans to camp out for the spring months. The idea of buying the house, Pam's father explains, came to him on the voyage, when he met the owner, McHenry, a sick man coming home to America to die.

Arriving at their new home in the mountains near Tucson, the Strong's find a girl and boy from a near-by ranch—Hilary Sawyer and her cousin, Pete Carewe—picnicking there; and inside the house they discover an old pickax with "H. Hawkins—1869" cut into the handle. This lends color to the current rumor that there is a lost gold mine in their canyon, discovered by an old prospector, H. Hawkins, who afterward disappeared. The Strong's do a little prospecting on their own account, but find nothing. Hilary and Pete are sure there is no gold, and reveal the fact that their own interest is in the mystery of H. Hawkins's disappearance.

The Ranch and Canyon families enjoy picnicking together and swimming in the Strong's pool. When Elizabeth Yarnell, Mr. McHenry's niece, writes Mr. Strong, warning of her arrival presently "on business," the Ranch family invite her to stop with them. Before her coming, Pam, Tim, and Pete, returning from the mountains in the car, are caught in a cloud-burst. At the "dry river," now a torrent, Pete hesitates to drive out on the wooden bridge which is already awash.

PART FIVE

THEY were close enough to make out the bridge itself now through the blinding curtains of the rain, though most of the opposite bank was invisible.

"If we wait," Tim said, raising his voice to make it carry, "won't the flood get deeper? The bridge might go altogether, I should think."

Pete nodded. "There's that chance. And this whole trail will be skiddy as the dickens. Besides, even if we could manage to get the car top up against this blow, it wouldn't help us much. Everything inside is soaked, anyway, including us. We wouldn't be any too comfortable, if we should have to wait a long time." He peered worriedly at Pam, the heavy raindrops running absurdly off his chin.

"Do whatever you think best, Pete," she said stoutly.

THE DESERT CALLING

Frightening danger, a thrilling rescue, and a change in Tim, are high points in this exciting installment

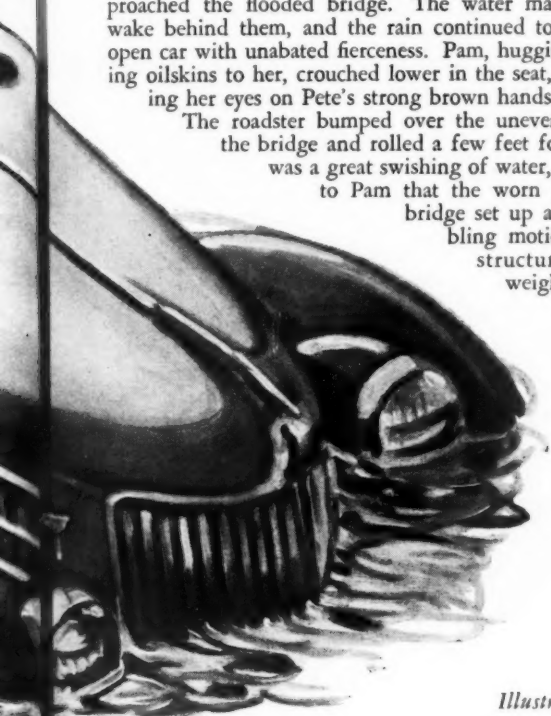
By MARGUERITE ASPINWALL

"Tim and I are with you. We trust your judgment absolutely."

Pete gave her an approving grin. "Okay then, kid, I think we'll try it," he decided. "I wouldn't, if I weren't pretty sure it would be safe."

He started the car, and changing into second gear, approached the flooded bridge. The water made a foaming wake behind them, and the rain continued to beat into the open car with unabated fierceness. Pam, hugging her streaming oilskins to her, crouched lower in the seat, resolutely fixing her eyes on Pete's strong brown hands on the wheel.

The roadster bumped over the uneven approach to the bridge and rolled a few feet forward. There was a great swishing of water, and it seemed to Pam that the worn planks of the bridge set up a curious trembling motion as the old structure took the weight of the car.



Illustrated by
MONTE CREWS

Her eyes went involuntarily to Pete's face, but he gave no sign that he had noticed the swaying. Reassured, she leaned back. In another half dozen yards they'd be across. There hadn't been any real danger, after all.

And then, abruptly, things happened—so swiftly that she never, afterward, was able to recall the details with any degree of clarity. Vaguely she was to remember Pete's quick shift into reverse, in a desperate attempt to back the roadster off the bridge in time. And the next thing was a mighty crashing sound, and the solid supports of the bridge seemed to be sinking beneath them. The roadster took a nose dive, and cold, foam-flecked water flooded the car floor, washing over their feet. Pam was flung sidewise against Tim, and Tim in turn against the door, which luckily continued to hold.

At the same moment the rain stopped, as suddenly and completely as it had arrived. It was as if a dark, smothering curtain of actual substance had been lifted. Sunshine, hot, reviving, dazzling their half-blinded eyes, poured over the world, banishing storm and darkness in a single, magical instant.

Pete slid a protecting arm about Pam's soaked shoulders. "Don't move," his voice came to her, his arm holding her in a viselike grip. "If she turns over now, we're done. Just sit quiet, both of you, and I think I can get us all out."

Pam heard herself saying, "I'll do just what you tell me to, Pete. I won't stir."

Tim, on her other side, leaned back cautiously, bracing himself to keep from slipping out of the tilted seat. He said nothing at all, only looked attentively at Pete, ready to obey orders.

The roadster's nose was actually in the water, and the crest of the eddies that swirled past washed in under the door. The rear wheels, by some trick of balance, were hung up on the near end of the wrecked bridge. The engine was still turning over—Pam could feel the slow, regular beat of it like a gigantic pulse throbbing. Oddly enough, the sound seemed to come from inside herself, as if her own heart were measuring beat for beat with the engine.

Not moving his body at all, Pete reached cautiously over and switched off the ignition. The cessation of that pulsing heartbeat sounded louder in Pam's ears than the splintering crash when the timbers of the old bridge had parted.

"Tim," Pete said quietly, "give Pam a hand up—and both of you do what I tell you, only take it easy and don't rock the boat. Help Pam get up on her knees on the seat, but facing backward. That's it! Now wait a second till the car steadies again."

Pam's light weight, moving, had set up a precarious swaying, but after a long moment, it stopped.

Pete went on, "Climb up over the back, Pam, and slide down. Our rear wheels are caught on that big timber—we're safe enough if we take our time. As soon as Pam's clear, Tim, you go after her. And for gosh sakes, *slowly*."

"If you or Tim went first," Pam said tremulously, hesitating with one foot over the folded-back canvas top, "you could help me down."

Pete cut her short with decision. "I'm running this, Pam. Do as I tell you, or we'll all be in bad trouble. Now, over you go. Don't rush it, but don't hang back, either. That's the girl! Now, Tim, your turn."

Pam was a slender girl, and the roadster barely rocked as she let herself slip down the smooth metal of the rumble seat, which Pete had luckily closed when they started down the mountain. She reached the solid planking of the end of the bridge, and Tim, at Pete's signal, let himself over the back, and slipped down after her.

"Now, you, Pete! Come quick!" Pam's voice called urgently.

The boy turned in a lithe movement and knelt on the seat as the others had done. Pam held her breath and Tim's mouth set in a tight line as they watched him lift one leg to straddle the canvas top.

But Pete was heavier than either of the others. Carefully as he moved, the roadster felt it. Its blue nose dipped deeper into the brown, whirling water, sending up little eddies of foam like danger signals.

Pam screamed frantically, "*She's going!*"

At the same instant, the flood twisted the hood sidewise

and Pete jumped. The car turned completely over, knocking him off balance, and roadster and boy seemed to revolve in a terrifying spin. Then Pete was thrown clear, striking the bank at the edge while the car slid over the sagging bridge to the stream bed below, sending up a great water spout as it struck.

Pam and Tim ran to Pete, where he lay motionless, face down against the slope of the muddy bank. He did not move or speak when they bent over him. There was blood—quite a lot of it—on his forehead, and oozing out of his dark hair where he had struck a sharp-edged stone. His eyes were closed and his lips looked blue, the line of freckles over his nose standing out against the unusual pallor of his face.

Pam's frightened eyes sought Tim's in a mute plea for reassurance. "He's not—not—?" she whispered, and bit back the word she couldn't utter.

Tim, his ear against Pete's broad chest, made no answer for a moment. "No, his heart's beating," he said then. "But I don't care for the look of him," he admitted bluntly. "I once saw a man out in Java look like this. He'd hit his head on a rock, diving, and fractured his skull."

"Oh, no, Tim! Not Pete!" Pam breathed, staring from one boy to the other with stricken eyes.

"Don't sit there moaning," Tim said impatiently. "Bring some water from the stream. Make a bucket by folding that waterproof thing you're wearing."

Glad to be directed, Pam struggled out of the light oilskin coat and ran down to the edge of the flood. It took her a few moments to find the knack of folding the coat so it would hold water without spilling, but she managed to bring a quart or more back with her.

Tim, dipping his handkerchief in it, bathed the blood from Pete's head gently and competently. "The cut's not so

deep," he said. "That, by itself, wouldn't matter much. A strip of plaster'll stop the bleeding. But I don't like his being out so long."

"What shall we do with him?" Pam asked. "We could move him—between us—up there under that rock where the ground's softer. I'm strong."

"No, don't move him," Tim said. "If there really is any concussion, it's always best to keep a person quiet. I know that much. I used to help Judy with cases. Sit down and we'll lift his head onto your lap—*slowly*—that's the way."

Pam, sitting with Pete's head pillowed on her lap, stared up with respectful eyes at Tim. Even a doctor at second hand seemed important in the present emergency.

"How long do you suppose it will keep on rising?" She nodded toward the still furious stream.

Tim shook his head. "Never having seen an Arizona 'dry river' acting up," he confessed, "I haven't the least idea how it's going to behave." But he eyed the flood with a speculative gaze, his brows creased. "Somebody's got to go for help, and no time wasted about it, either," he muttered.

"Nobody could swim across—that," Pam said positively. "I've heard Hilary tell of riders—horse and all—being swept away in one of these flooded rivers. We'll just have to wait till it goes down."

"And that puts Pete in a pretty bad spot," Tim told her. "I don't believe anybody comes up this trail once a year. And it's six miles, anyhow, to that last house we passed on the desert. Still, six miles wouldn't be so much," he went on, talking now more to himself than to Pam, "if I could contrive a way to get across. Let me think a minute."

"You couldn't," she burst out. "The very strongest swimmer couldn't last in that mill race, Tim. I know you're extra good in the water—I've seen you swim and dive. But that was the pool. Unless a swimmer had a life line, or something to hold on by, he'd be carried down stream before you could say 'Jack Robinson.'"

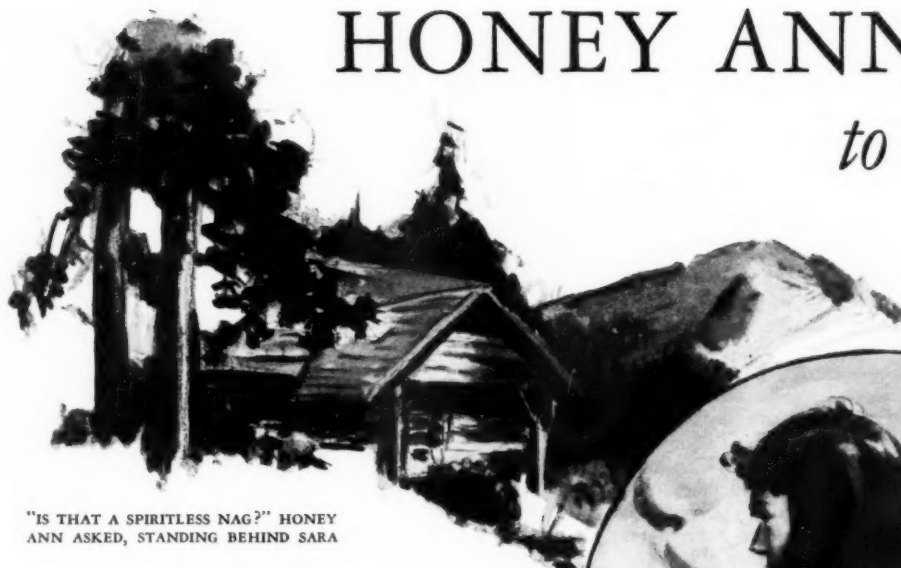
(Continued on page 48)



THE MOONLIGHT AND FIRELIGHT COMBINED TO MAKE THE SHADOWS SEEM VERY BLACK AND SINISTER TO PAM'S CITY-BRED EYES

HONEY ANN *Learns* to RIDE

Illustrated by
RUTH KING



"IS THAT A SPIRITLESS NAG?" HONEY ANN ASKED, STANDING BEHIND SARA

Easy-going Honey Ann didn't give two hoots about learning to ride, but Sara was determined that she should—with results that surprised her

By ELEANOR HULL



EFFETE," said Sara, swinging her ax on the fragrant pine log. "Effete and likewise dull—to live by turning knobs."

"But real comfortable," Honey Ann responded gloomily, scurrying around in her neat brown slacks to pick up Sara's flying chips. "And safe. You almost cut your toe off that time."

"But look, listen, smell!" cried Sara, swinging the ax and again jeopardizing her slim, booted foot. She poised ecstatically, a wood elf in brown and green with a straight, swinging, brown bob.

Behind her the mountain stream flashed along, filling the air with its fresh sound and clean, cold smell. A narrow footbridge led across it to a log cabin set in the cool of tall pines. The mountains lay cupped around them.

"Janey said she heard wolves howling, the last time she was up here," Honey Ann said lugubriously. "I don't know why I ever came."

"You came to learn to ride horseback, Honey," Sara said briskly. "This afternoon. I can hardly wait. Those new horses we saw at Wind River Ranch—Miss Pepper's crazy to give us lessons on them. They're like Pegasus, compared to the nags we used to get up here at Perkins'."

"Did I ever say I wanted to learn to ride?" asked Honey.

"No, but it will do you an immense amount of good," Sara replied. "You're getting round-shouldered from lack of exercise."

"Hurry up with that wood," called Lou, appearing in the cabin door with a long fork in her hand. "We need it to finish up the chops."

Inside the cabin, a table, made of saw-horses with boards

across them, stood in front of the big, rough fireplace at the end of the room. Silver was set out on a checked tablecloth, and there were plates heaped with buns and large bowls of potato salad. Lou brought in the chops, brown and sizzling.

"Come, girls," Miss Pepper called, and they came running, three down the skeleton stairs from the loft bedroom, four from the ball game that had been going on outdoors.

"Am I glad!" cried Sara, when they had sung a blessing. "This air simply gnaws holes in my stomach."

"And this afternoon—the horses!" murmured Gretel, with a rapt expression.

The road that led to Wind River Ranch wound into a broad mountain meadow, a little stream threading through the waving grasses. The mountains stood above, their bald granite tops jutting high into the sky. The air was gay with sunshine and breeze, but Honey Ann shuddered as she walked along with the group that afternoon.

"I feel like I was going to a funeral," she mourned. "No, worse than that—to the dentist's."

"Why, Honey Ann!" Gretel, a solid, earnest girl, looked at her reproachfully. "Riding horseback is a glorious experience. A horse is man's faithful friend."

"Big, rough, unexpected things," Honey Ann muttered.

"There's one of Gretel's pals now," Sara remarked. They all paused to watch a horse lope across the meadow, wild freedom and grace in his gait and the tossing of his mane.

"What a beautiful animal!" Miss Pepper cried. "My, I should like to ride him."

"He certainly is beautiful," Honey agreed. "But what on earth do you want to ride him for? It must be like climbing on a volcano. I reckon he'd just as soon you didn't, too."

"Oh, you'll feel quite different when you get started," Sara assured her. "Here we are at the Ranch, now."

They went through a gate made of aspen trunks, slender and silver-green, with the name held high above, *Wind River Ranch. Horses for Hire*. A smaller sign below announced, *Deer Falls*.

"Soon we shall have the wind singing through our hair," said Gretel solemnly.

The ranch house was built of logs, low and rambling. The twelve girls shook the steps as they went up on the porch. The door opened suddenly.

"What do ye want?" asked a tall, cross old man, who looked as brambly and crooked as a wild rose bush.

Miss Pepper stepped out of the group, a conciliatory smile on her face. "We're from the Mount Holly College camp, down here," she explained. "We'd like to rent your horses. We're to be here during the spring vacation—a week, that is—and we'd like the horses for three hours every afternoon."

OH, YE would, would ye?" said the old man, scowling at her. Abruptly he shut the door in their faces.

Miss Pepper lifted her eyebrows. Sara giggled. Honey Ann looked relieved, and Gretel pained.

"Maybe he didn't understand," Miss Pepper said. She knocked firmly at the door.

After a moment it popped open again. "What do ye want?" asked the cross old man in the same tone he had used the first time.

"We'd like to rent some horses," Miss Pepper repeated.

"I don't rent horses to girls," replied the old man fiercely. "Girls run horses up hill, and lack sense generally." He shut the door again.

The twelve trailed down the steps, looking wistfully toward the aspen corral where two beautiful horses moved contentedly, cropping the grass.

"A man like that ought not to be allowed around horses," cried Gretel passionately.

"It is a blow," Sara agreed. "Look at that lovely chestnut! What wouldn't I give to be on him, with a nice level road ahead, like that road down by the spring."

"What do we do now?" Lou asked, turning to Miss Pepper.

"Drive down to Perkins'," Miss Pepper responded with a sigh. "Rent their spiritless animals again. I must say, I'm disappointed. I wouldn't have thought it worth while to come up here, if I hadn't seen the Wind River Ranch horses. Well, we'll have to make the best of it."

When they got back to camp, they piled into the ancient camp touring car, technically a seven passenger car but full of vast lonely reaches when occupied by less than a dozen. The Perkins ranch was as far from camp as the Wind River Ranch was, in the other direction. And it was far away spiritually, as well as physically.

"From the sublime to the ridiculous," Sara sighed, as she climbed out of the car at the ranch and surveyed the age-blackened, tumbling barn on the other side of the tipped bridge.

Mr. Perkins, acquainted with their mission, led out the horses which looked rather miry.

"Is that a spiritless nag?" Honey Ann asked, standing behind Sara and pointing to a skinny black that was showing his yellow teeth fiercely.

"He does look kind of bad-tempered," Sara admitted. "I'll ride him. Look, there's the ideal one for you, Honey! You couldn't be scared of that fat, comfortable granny."

"Except she's so big," Honey quavered. She rubbed her clammy palms on her trousers and tremulously accepted Mr.



"HOW DO YOU DARE RIDE THAT AWFUL CREATURE, SARA?"

Perkins's jovial assistance in mounting the passive beast.

"Lucky there ain't no more than twelve of you," Mr. Perkins remarked. "Just enough horses to go round—outside of Jupe, and he's lame."

"Are you sure that black is safe?" Miss Pepper asked, holding her nervous pinto with a light hand. "He looks vicious. Sara, you'd better let me ride him."

"I like a wild one," Sara said. The black danced a moment, then plunged across the bridge. Sara waved a gay hand, and was soon out of sight.

"Come on, Honey," Lou called, looking back as she and the others thundered over the bridge.

Honey's old granny stood comfortably and watched them go, a contented expression on her long, mild face.

"I can't, Lou," cried Honey. "Giddyap," she suggested tremulously to the horse.

"You can't get Lady to move that-a-way," Mr. Perkins told



"OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, WE UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER!"

her, grinning. "Here's a little switch." He broke a branch from a scrub oak tree, peeled off all but the end leaves, handed it to Honey, and gave the horse a sounding slap on her hip. Lady gave a start and lumbered off, Honey clinging desperately to the saddle horn.

As soon as she was around a curve in the road, the horse lost speed so suddenly that Honey's feet jerked out of the stirrups, and she bumped up hard against the pommel. Her mount continued to plod along at a walk, with great placidity.

At first Honey was immensely relieved. She got back her breath and her stirrups, sat up straight, and even let go of the saddle horn. Then she began to feel very lonely. There was nobody in sight. A hawk wheeled slowly above her in the blue spring sky. The silence was complete except for the patient thud of Lady's hoofs on the sandy road. *Plop, plop, plop, plop.*

A rider suddenly shot around the curve ahead, pranced

and whirled, and drew up beside Honey and the undisturbed Lady. It was Sara, riding the black horse.

"Can't you get the old granny trotting?" she cried. "This road is good and level. Miss Pepper wants us to keep together."

"I don't want to hit this horse," Honey Ann explained. "She might not like it. My, how do you dare to ride that awful creature, Sara?"

"Oh, that's all right, we understand each other," Sara said confidently.

But at that moment, without warning, the black bucked. His head went down and his feet bunched—and the next instant Sara was sitting in the road.

"Oh!" screamed Honey Ann with all her might. Lady moved quietly to the side of the road and began eating leaves.

After a long second Sara was up, rubbing her hip, and the black, after prancing around in two or three triumphant circles, turned and started back home.

"Are you all right?" squealed Honey when she got her breath. "What shall I do? But, darling, I can't possibly do anything, stranded up here."

"There's nothing to do," said Sara, shaking her fist at the disappearing horse. "Oh, this makes me so mad!"

Miss Pepper came riding around the curve, looking for them. "I shouldn't have let you try to ride him," she cried, understanding at once. "Are you all right, my dear? We certainly won't hire that horse again."

"And then there won't be enough to go around," Sara mourned. "If I just hadn't had to show off!"

IT WAS a somewhat stiff and discouraged group of riders who sat down to dinner that evening.

"Of all the stiff-legged gait I ever felt!"

"I couldn't get my sawhorse to stir out of a trot."

"How's your leg now, Sara? I bet you wish you'd never come."

"No such thing," said Sara stoutly. "I'm not any stiffer than you are. And look how lovely everything is! Just look at the fire and the candlelight, and just taste these beans!"

The sheltering hills made an early evening, and a chilly one. The light of the candles, stuck into pine slabs, flickered over the well-loaded table and the bright faces; the red roar of the fire banished the chill.

"Tell you what," said Miss Pepper, glancing around at her somewhat discouraged charges, "if you aren't too tired, let's hike up to the falls to-night. There'll be a moon."

Anticipation blossomed again on every face, and dinner and dish washing were put through in short order.

"Isn't this too excitingly beautiful!" Sara cried, as they tramped again over the same road they had taken that afternoon. It looked like a different place, a different world. The meadow was a sea of silver mist, and the mountains black, immense, and forbidding. Here and there the granite boulders gave back the moonlight in sheets of silver.

"It's scary," shivered Honey Ann. "I can practically hear those wolves now, Janey. Why, what *do* I hear?"

The girls stopped to listen, in the blotted shadow made by a group of pines over the white road. Far away sounded a high, wailing chorus.

"Coyotes singing," said Miss Pepper matter-of-factly. "Rather pretty, isn't it?"

"I'd sooner hear it over the radio," sighed Honey Ann. "Oh, land, do you s'pose that man will let us go through his gate and across his ranch to the falls?"

"It's the only path to the falls," said Miss Pepper a little doubtfully. "Nobody ever has objected before. Surely he couldn't expect us to do any harm, just walking up the trail."

They came around the curve which concealed the gate to Wind River Ranch.

"Stop!" shouted an irascible, creaky old voice. "I heard ye comin'—but it ain't no use." (Continued on page 40)

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14 WEST 40TH STREET
 NEW YORK, N. Y.

March 14, 1941

Mr. Hugh McKay
 Advertising Director
 Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company
 Jersey City, New Jersey

My dear Mr. McKay:

I am delighted to confirm the agreement between the Girl Scout organization and the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company, whereby the Girl Scouts will become the recipients of extensive contributions from your company, during the six-week nation-wide Palmolive Soap Contest for the public, being launched May 19, 1941.

This is the first time the Girl Scouts have made a national tie-up of this type; and it has been approved by the National Board because of the opportunity it gives to troops and councils to secure contributions for their Girl Scout work.

Very sincerely yours,

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Just think! If each Girl Scout gets only six entries to name her Troop, the Girl Scouts receive \$72,000.

Besides, the makers of Palmolive will give extra prizes totaling \$6,350 to the Troops and Councils winning the most mentions. Get busy today. Help raise funds for your Troop!

★ ★ ★

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2. Get your family and friends to enter often! . . . Each entry gives friends more opportunities to win . . . each entry brings more money to the Girl Scout!
3. Get entry blanks from your Palmolive Dealer. Show your friends where to write the number and town of your Girl Scout Troop.

GET FREE SUPPLY OF THESE ENTRY BLANKS—TODAY!
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\$5,000 TO YOU—if your entry is the best of the 30 daily \$500.00 winners!

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Easy! Fun! Just finish this sentence,
"I like Palmolive Soap because . . ."
.....
in 25 additional words or less.

HINT FOR WINNING!

Just write your sentence simply . . . sincerely . . . as though you were telling a friend about Palmolive.

EXAMPLE:

"I like Palmolive Soap because it's made with olive and palm oils . . . its lather is gentle and thorough cleansing . . . a grand beauty treatment that helps keep my skin smooth, soft."



HELP THE GIRL SCOUTS CARRY ON THEIR WORK BY ENTERING THESE CONTESTS

The makers of PALMOLIVE will donate two cents to the Girl Scouts for every entry sent in—one cent to the local Girl Scout troop in your community, if specified on entry blank, and one cent to National Headquarters. No cost to you.

Big cash prizes for Girl Scouts, too! \$500.00 First Prize, and other big cash prizes will go to 181 Girl Scout Councils in the order of their ranking, based on proportion of mentions to registration. In case of tie, full amount of prize will be awarded to each Council.

GIRL SCOUTS! FRIENDS! FAMILIES! Be sure to enter . . . OFTEN!

ENTER TODAY!

You May Win \$5,500.

with a sentence as simple as that above. See other side for complete rules and FREE entry blank.

"There's When Girl



Photograph by Paul Parker

BELOW: TWO GIRL SCOUTS OF ROANOKE, VIRGINIA, PIPE THE MELODY OF A FAVORITE SONG WHILE THEIR CHUM SINGS IT



RIGHT: TIME OFF FOR A BIT OF SONG DURING AUDITIONS FOR THE GIRL SCOUT BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION ON THE "MARCH OF GAMES" PROGRAM



OMAHA, NEBRASKA, GIRL SCOUTS SANG, WITH PIANO AND VIOLIN ACCOMPANIMENT, AT A DETROIT CONFERENCE MEETING



LEFT: TROOP 97 OF OAK PARK, ILLINOIS, HAS ITS OWN ORCHESTRA WITH GIRLS PLAYING FOURTEEN DIFFERENT INSTRUMENTS. THEIR FATHERS HAD EVERY REASON TO BE PROUD OF THEM WHEN THE ORCHESTRA PLAYED AT A RECENT FATHER-AND-DAUGHTER BANQUET

MUSIC in the AIR"

Scouts get together

GIRL SCOUTS ARE GLAD THAT NATIONAL MUSIC WEEK, BEGINNING ON MAY FOURTH, INAUGURATES A NEW INTER-AMERICAN PHASE THIS YEAR BY INVITING ALL OF THE COUNTRIES OF THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE TO PAY TRIBUTE TO MUSIC, THE MOST DEMOCRATIC OF ALL THE ARTS, THE ONE LANGUAGE COMMON TO US ALL



"PIPER, PIPE THAT SONG AGAIN!"
A CAMPER AT CHAPARRAL, IN CALIFORNIA'S REDWOOD FORESTS, PLAYS A PIPE SHE FASHIONED HERSELF

LEFT: SALT LAKE CITY GIRL SCOUTS PUT ON A RADIO SKIT IN WHICH THE MUSIC OF THE ACCORDIAN PLAYS A MAJOR PART



A SENIOR SCOUT OF PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA, PLAYS THE PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT FOR TWO SCOUT VIOLINISTS AND A CELLIST



LEFT: A GRAMOPHONE HELPS GIRL SCOUTS OF CANTON, OHIO, TO GET ACQUAINTED WITH "MUSIC'S GOLDEN TONGUE," AS THEY LISTEN TO RECORDINGS OF THE TREASURY OF SYMPHONIC MUSIC



WHEN CAMPERS THEMSELVES ARE IN RESIDENCE, THEY ENJOY THIS OUTDOOR DINING ROOM

CAMP OSITO *in the* MOVIES

GIRL Scouts in Los Angeles are eagerly waiting to see the motion picture, *The Shepherd of the Hills*, taken at our Camp Osito last fall. We thought that other Girl Scouts might like to hear about some of the interesting things that go on when a picture company is on location.

The story from which the movie was made was written by Harold Bell Wright and is one of his best-known books. It is about the mountain people of the Ozarks. We are particularly glad that the entire picture is in technicolor and will not only show many scenes familiar to our Girl Scout campers, but also the lovely blue sky and vivid coloring of our camp meadow and forest at Osito. *The Shepherd of the Hills* will be released in July.

When the Paramount company decided to film the story, they sent photographers to the Ozark mountains to take pictures of the actual scenes described in the book. This back country is quite inaccessible, however, and the Studio decided that it would not be advisable to use the region for location. Cast and crew together were to total some two hundred people, and the filming of the picture alone would take more than eight weeks. A group of specialists was called in to the Studio and a search made to find mountains and scenery that would closely resemble the Ozarks. The country surrounding Big Bear Lake proved ideal—and, in fact, pictures taken of that locality looked so much like scenes in the Ozarks that an Ozark mountaineer himself would have been misled.

Mr. Henry Hathaway was asked to direct the filming of the picture. He had directed *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine* which, you may remember, was one of the outstanding pictures made a few years ago of mountain people in the Blue Ridge country. This picture was also filmed at Big Bear Lake and Mr. Hathaway was familiar with that location.

It was estimated that two thirds of *The Shepherd of the Hills* must be filmed on location and away from the Studio. There is a

tremendous amount of preparation necessary, not only in constructing the sets, but also in bringing in supplies and materials and arranging for accommodations for members of the cast and work crew.

The Location Department, under the direction of Mr. Norman Lacey, was the first group to start work. Mr. Lacey selected the seven sites to be used. Photographs were taken from all angles. Back in the Studio, sketches were made from the pictures, placing the buildings and settings that would be used. These sketches were taken back to the sites and carefully checked, and measurements were made. All details such as fences, farm-yard implements, etc., were included.

The scenes taken at Osito are of the old homestead at Moaning Meadows and have a special interest in the story. Harry Carey plays "Dan Hewitt," the shepherd of the hills—it is the spirit of his dead wife that is supposed to haunt Moaning Meadows. John Wayne is young "Mat" and Betty Field plays the feminine lead of "Sammy Lane." Miss Field has recently appeared in the picture, *Victory*, with Fredric March and is now playing in the stage show, *Flights to the West*, in New York. Other well-known actors in the cast are Beulah Bondi, Marjorie Main, James Barton, and Samuel Hinds. The story is full of action—running, riding, and a few fights. One of the chief difficulties encountered by the actors was the effect of the high altitudes, as all the scenes of the story are at locations of seven to eight thousand feet elevation.

Construction crews were at work weeks before the actual filming. All material was brought in on big, specially built trucks. New lumber was burned over with a gas torch and then rubbed down with steel wool to give the appearance of age and use. The mountain home built at Camp Osito and facing our meadow, was placed directly in front of our camp hospital, the *Pill Box*. Actually only the front of the house, part of a shake roof, and two walls were built. The lovely big stone fireplace which you will see was made

How a Girl Scout camp provided the setting for the forthcoming film of Harold Bell Wright's "Shepherd of the Hills"

By **RUTH C. PROUTY**
Director of Camp Osito



TOP: JOHN WAYNE AND BETTY FIELD HAVE THE LEADING RÔLES IN THIS TECHNICOLOR PICTURE MADE FROM A NOVEL BY HAROLD BELL WRIGHT. BELOW: BETTY FIELD SUNS HERSELF ON A BOULDER AND PROVIDES A CHARMING COMPOSITION FOR THE CAMERA MAN

of *papier maché*! Small trees were brought in and "planted" and brush was placed about. Objects such as our permanent shelters were cleverly blocked out with large curtains of green burlap grass. Pine needles, pine cones, and stray logs were scattered about and a snake fence built. A corner of our meadow, which you will see in the picture, was plowed. We are planning to sow this area to wild-flower seeds this spring.

THE ingenuity of the technicians was taxed by several unexpected events, one of these being a snow storm. As the snow storm had no place in the script, and came during the filming of the picture, it presented a real problem. An effort was made to scrape the unwanted snow away, but this was not successful so pine needles and dirt were taken from the hills around camp and used as a cover to block out the white patches.

Of course, the shepherd had a flock of sheep and also several lambs. These lambs you will notice in the picture. They arrived at Osito without their mothers, or any source of food supply. A milk goat was finally found and rented in order to keep the lambs healthy and happy.

The weather was another hardship as it is apt to be really cold in these elevations during October and November. Miss Field portrays a mountain girl who does not wear shoes or stockings, and Mr. Wayne a mountain boy in shirt sleeves, so when you see them smiling and at ease you can realize what good troupers they really are.

Great care was taken to make all details and props in the picture authentic in order to conform to the period and region of the story. Many articles such as looms, chairs, and tables were secured from people living in the Big Bear valley. The copper pots were rented from a firm in Hollywood, and many other articles were made to order in the Studio workshop. Every part of the picture and setting was checked and rechecked.

Each day the negatives of the scenes taken were sent by bus to Hollywood, over a hundred miles distant, and developed. The film was then sent back to Mr. Hathaway and run

to see if any retakes were necessary. A big generator was shipped up to camp and this supplied all electricity for the sound and lighting effects.

Construction for the site at Moon Ridge, just above our camp, was started before our camp period ended. A steady procession of big trucks and buses moved through camp. Every camper was intensely interested, but we did eat a lot of dust. Mr. Lacey, the Location Director, saw our difficulty and sent the camp large quantities of bottled pop, which, as any Girl Scout camper knows, is a real treat at camp.

Later construction started at Osito. A few of us were still busy closing camp. This proved to be real work as it was much more fun to watch the construction crew at work. A hot lunch was sent up the hill each day from the local hotel at Big Bear village and we were invited to join the movie people. The camp's outdoor dining room was kept open, and crews from other locations came in to eat there. We discovered that most of the workmen were specialists in their line. They were constantly building and taking down movie sets at a variety of locations.

Paramount offered to leave most of the material used at Osito, provided we would take down the building. Mr. Lacey was particular-

ly generous in making this possible. Many of the motion picture officials were interested in our camp and we had an opportunity of telling them of Girl Scout ways of camping. We now have a good supply of lumber and logs (as well as *papier maché* rocks) which I am sure will be well used. Of course, the Los Angeles Council received a rental for the use of the camp, and this will make possible many fine improvements for Osito this summer.

Mr. John Woolfengen of the Paramount Publicity Department told us that pictures taken at Big Bear Lake were popular with the motion picture people. The community is accustomed to having the locality used for picture locations and does not bother the work crews and actors. It is one of the few places motion picture actors can go, he said, and not be regarded as curiosities. Many of the scenes for famous outdoor and Western pictures are filmed here.

Los Angeles Girl Scouts hope that many other Scouts will be able to see *The Shepherd of the Hills* on the screen this coming summer. It will give them a little taste of Camp Osito—and perhaps some of them will come and camp with us. Our Senior Girls' camp, *The Rancho*, is open to all Senior Girl Scouts.



RIGHT: AGAINST A BEAUTIFUL FOREST SETTING THE CAMERA CREW AND AIDES LINE UP A SHOT OF HARRY CAREY, WHO HAS THE TITLE RÔLE, AND BETTY FIELD WHO PLAYS "SAMMY LANE." BELOW: TWO OTHER SCENES FROM THE MOVIE, SHOWING THE MOUNTAIN CABIN AND THE GARDEN WHERE GIRL SCOUT CAMPERS PLAN TO SOW WILD FLOWER SEEDS





THE VOICE WITH A SMILE

EVERY DAY, Bell System operators go far beyond their regular jobs in the interests of public service.

Here is an account of one such incident, told by Damon Runyon, well-known writer, in the *New York Mirror*.

"We once called a fellow at a hotel in Philadelphia but he had just departed on an automobile trip in a westerly direction. A few days later the long distance operator caught up with him in a little town in Missouri and he was the most surprised man in all but one of the States of the Union. The exception was New York. We were the most surprised there. To this day we have no idea how the operator did it."



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

JACKIE COOPER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

boxes, when Jackie nodded in the direction of the camera man bent over his equipment, getting ready for the next scene.

"That's the kind of a job I'd like to have in the movies," he said, looking longingly at the intricate camera.

"Camera man? You mean you don't like acting?"

"Oh, yes, I'd like to be an actor," Jackie assured me. "I meant if I wasn't able to get parts when I grew up. Just because they like you as a kid actor, doesn't mean they'll like you later on, too."

"I'll bet you'll still be acting ten years from now," I told him.

"I hope so," Jackie replied seriously, "but I am going to learn to be a camera man anyway, just in case. I have a lot of fun learning how to take still pictures now, with a box camera, and pretty soon I am going to learn how to develop my films myself. That'll make photography more fun."

When lunch was over, reflectors and camera were adjusted, and the director called Jackie to begin the next scene. He said good-by, then hurried across the lawn to the orange tree where the director and the script girl were conferring.

AND that was the first time I met Jackie Cooper. It was, in fact, the first time I had ever seen any screen star in person, or had ever been "behind the scenes" in the making of a moving picture.

To Jackie Cooper, however, it was just another small incident in a busy life that was continually full of strange incidents. For Jackie had been in the hectic business of motion picture making almost as long as he could remember. Like Mickey Rooney, he spent his baby days in dingy dressing rooms, with all the attendant backstage confusion and clatter, smells of grease paint and musty old theaters. He was born on September 15, 1922, in Los Angeles, California, and his parents were the young vaudeville team of Johnny and Mabel Cooper.

Jackie's father died when he was only two and a half years old, and Mrs. Cooper returned to Los Angeles to live with her mother. Here she supported herself and her baby son by giving music lessons. When "musicals" began to grow so popular in the motion picture industry, she got a job in one of the large Studios, playing for try-outs and rehearsals.

When Jackie was about four, Mrs. Cooper was helping with the try-outs for a musical called *Fox Movietone Follies*. One day she accompanied a hundred boys, one after another, as they tried to sing a certain song. The director didn't like any of them, and sent out a call to the casting office for a hundred more, in order to find just the right boy.

Mrs. Cooper was sure that Jackie could fill the bill, but she was afraid it might hurt his chances if she should suggest him for a try-out herself. So the next day Jackie was brought to the Studio by his grandmother. He stood beside the piano while his mother accompanied him, and sang with a perfectly straight face and just the right kind of wistful voice. He got the job.

The part was small but it was a beginning, and he learned how to act naturally even though the lights glared down on him, cameras whirled, and people stood about and

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stared at him. His next movie assignment was a piece to speak in *Sunny Side Up*, and then he got a chance to work in the *Our Gang* comedies.

When Jackie was nine, Paramount Studios announced their intention of bringing *Skippy*, that lovable rascal in Percy Crosby's cartoon strip, to life on the screen. It had not been hard to find the rest of the actors for the picture, but the Studio seemed to have no luck at all in locating the right boy to play the title rôle of "Skippy."

Jackie's uncle, Norman Taurog, the now famous director, was in charge of the picture. He wanted to suggest Jackie for the part, but he hated to take the responsibility, for just about the whole success of the picture would depend upon the boy selected to be "Skippy."

Hundreds of boys were interviewed by the casting office. The Studio seemed to be overrun with boys, as mothers continued to drag in their offspring for tests; but none of them seemed to be at all like the "Skippy" of the cartoons.

At last Norman Taurog had a test made of Jackie. He called the Studio officials in to see the results, told them frankly that the boy was his nephew, and that they would have to make the decision themselves.

One look at the test film run before them, and the officials knew they had found their new star. Dressed in "Skippy's" characteristic big bow tie and oversized cap, Jackie made a living counterpart of the hero of the cartoon, with all the heart-tugging wistfulness and charm that made "Skippy" so popular.

With the completion of the very successful *Skippy*, Jackie Cooper became famous almost overnight. But sudden fame didn't change, or spoil him. He still lived with his mother and grandmother in a modest little house in the Los Angeles suburbs. He played pirate with the boys of the neighborhood, shot at imaginary Indians while tearing around on an imaginary horse, played baseball on the corner lot in the spring, and football in the autumn. He learned to swim and started to learn photography with a two dollar box camera. He was always trying to build model airplanes, but he usually broke something before he finished them. One of his favorite Christmas gifts, when he was nine, was a big tent, which he promptly put up in the back yard, together with the following sign:

"Don't throw papers on the floor.

"No matches allowed in tent.

"Don't lean up against the side of tent.

"No firing of guns through tent.

"Jackie Cooper is the head captain.

"J. C."

Because of his fine work in *Skippy*, Jackie came second only to Lionel Barrymore for the Academy Award of that year. His next picture was with Richard Dix in *Young Donovan's Kid*; then he went back to Paramount to do *Sooky*, a sequel to *Skippy*. His first picture with the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio was *The Champ*. He was co-starred with Wallace Beery and the picture was a great success. Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper made such a fine team that they were later co-starred in two other pictures, *O'Shaughnessy's Boy* and *Treasure Island*.

Peck's *Bad Boy*, *The Devil Is a Sissy*, and *Tough Guy* gave Jackie still more acting experience. In *White Banners* he first met Bonita Granville, and they have been good friends ever since. He played the part of Deanna Durbin's boy friend in *That Certain*

(Continued on page 35)



What are girls made of

There's sugar in the way they smile
There's spice in the way they frown
There's everything nice in the way they look and walk and talk and are . . .
But there's horse sense under that curly head
Those hands can hold a teacup—and a brassie and a hoe and steering wheel.
That heart can dream its own dreams—

but it can feel for other people, too.
Those feet can dance through life, but oftener than you think, those feet walk to the job, climb the hard mountain, carry a slim, sweet figure, chin up, eyes bright, face forward, into life and work, and love and living.
Poets have sung them; knights have fought for them; men have won them.
That's what girls are made of!

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JACKIE COOPER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

Age; then he starred in *Seventeen*, *Gangster's Boy*, and a Boy Scout serial story made by Universal Pictures. In *Gallant Sons* he was again cast with Bonita Granville, playing the part of a high school football captain. In *Ziegfeld Girl*, he played the part of Lana Turner's brother. As "Henry Aldrich," in the Aldrich family series, he has recently made a new host of fans.

The second time I met Jackie Cooper was this spring in a Studio café. Jackie is now nineteen and a seasoned actor, as the result of many years of picture-making. He is no longer short and slightly tubby as he was at twelve; he is tall, broad-shouldered, and looks like a college undergraduate, but he still has that touch of shyness that has always made him so likable.

"Are you still planning to be a photographer, in case you don't go on as an actor?" I asked him over a steaming plate of Italian spaghetti.

He laughed as he broke a roll and buttered it. "Yes, I still am studying photography, although I don't know yet whether I would rather do that, or be a band leader, or perhaps go into aviation engineering. If I didn't go on with acting I would have a hard time choosing, because I would like to take up any of those vocations. I study on 'em all, anyway."

We both tackled our spaghetti in silence for a bit, then I said, "If you had a whole day off, to do exactly as you liked, how would you spend it?"

Jackie thought a moment, his forehead wrinkled. "Well, right now I would probably get a gang together and bowl in the morning—I'm pretty keen on bowling, lately; then maybe I'd spend the afternoon playing tennis, with a swim to freshen up for dinner. Then I think I'd like to spend the evening rehearsing my band."

"How long have you had your own band?" I asked him.

"A little over two years," Jackie said proudly. "I play the drums, and we have some regular fellows for the rest of the instruments. Our rehearsals are a lot of fun."

Later, over the chocolate pie, I asked him what kind of parts he hoped to play if he stayed in the acting profession.

"Character parts," he replied promptly. "Star rôles are fine, but they don't always last very long. You may be on top to-day, and several years later no-one remembers you. But a person who can build up a reputation as a good character actor, who can play solid, supporting rôles, is always in demand. And you don't have to worry about getting too old, either, as the romantic stars have to do. Character actors, if they are good ones, have jobs open to them all their lives. So that is what I am going to try to be."

And if trying has anything to do with it, you may be sure that Jackie Cooper will be able to realize his ambition and be a character actor, and a good one at that. For, by sheer hard work, downright hard trying, and his own native ability, he has already accomplished what many young actors before him have failed to do—jump the hurdle from child stardom to adolescent stardom. So far, he has kept all those qualities that made him popular as a boy; and if he can keep them until maturity, his success as an adult character actor ought to be assured.



"N'YA" SAYS HENRY
"WHO'D ASK YOU TO GO?"



"Mind your business, nitwit," retorts Jeanie. Kid brothers know too much. Where did he hear about that party? Who told him she hadn't been invited?

"Ya don't eat enough to put in your eye," adds Henry. "No wonder you're a washout."

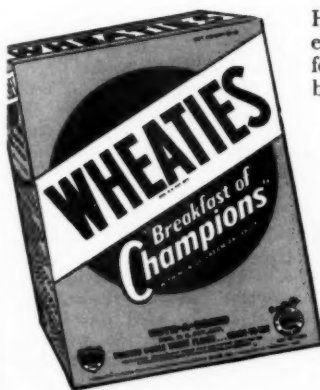
Not worthy of reply. But still, thinks Jeanie, maybe this idea of practically no breakfast isn't so smart. Maybe she is a washout. Maybe she'd feel peppier if she'd eat a bowlful of those flakes Henry was always yelling about. Look kind of good, too.

NEXT MORNING: "Henry, leave some Wheaties for me!"

Fine idea, Jeanie—that heaping bowlful of Wheaties, with milk and some fruit, every morning. You really need a good breakfast to go on. Every little motion you make burns up food-energy. It's the largest single need of your daily diet!

There's a lot of this food-energy in a good bowlful of Wheaties . . . to help you sail through the day in high spirits! Wheaties are whole wheat, with all its food-energy, its important vitamins and minerals.

Zippy tasting, too—those big crunchy flakes! Have Wheaties with milk, or cream, and fruit every morning. It's a "Breakfast of Champions" for girls who like fun, who like to be leaders in everything they do.



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WITH
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MILK OR CREAM AND SOME FRUIT
"Breakfast of Champions"



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WINDSOR BROOM CO., Hamburg, Penna.
(Mention the American Girl)

CORRECTIONS

April, 1941 Issue

OUR abject apologies to Howard Logan Hildebrandt, Robb Beebe, and Merle Reed. In the *Table of Contents* and on page 4, Mr. Hildebrandt's first name was erroneously given as Henry; On page 21, Merle Reed was credited with illustrations that were the work of Robb Beebe. The fact that these mistakes occurred in the April issue may have some significance. They were brought to our attention on April first as we happened to be reading proofs on "The Fiddle," which appears in this issue. Our suspicion is that the mischievous elf, Gildickon, had hidden himself in this office and gleefully played an April Fool joke on the magazine. We hope that the Messrs. Hildebrandt, Beebe, and Reed will experience the good fortune that customarily follows upon one of Gildickon's pranks.

—The EDITORS

ONE OF US

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

within reach of my hand. A nuthatch crept, upside down, on the trunk of a tree not three feet away.

Suddenly I saw what the trouble was. All the pieces of the puzzle I was trying to solve fell into a pattern. Of course. *Of course.* We had gone about it all wrong. In Elizabeth's loneliness, after the shock of losing her parents and leaving her own country, we must have been as terrifying to her as we were to Flick when he first came to our garden.

(Even now, when I want Flick to come out of his stump, I pay no attention to him, or if I call him I keep my distance and stay very still, tossing out the peanuts quietly and unobtrusively. It's the same way with the frogs and the birds and the squirrels.)

Then I had another idea, one that proved our way, well meaning though it was, was all wrong. Which one of the family did Elizabeth seem to like the best—or, rather, dislike the least? Why, Selassie, the old cat. Selassie never forces himself on anyone. He keeps his distance and his dignity.

All that day I kept away from Elizabeth. She needed to sleep and to be left alone for a change. When Mother and Daddy came home, I took them out in the yard so Elizabeth couldn't hear me and there I told them my new idea.

"I believe you are right," Father exclaimed. "Tell the others when they come in and decide on a program among yourselves."

Mother patted my hand. "I think I'll let you young folks work out something alone. After all, I seem to be doing my part by keeping out of it—as I have been."

"But you'll call a conclave," I asked anxiously, "so the others will realize the importance of changing the—the treatment?"

"Yes, of course," agreed my parents.

The others were stunned at first at the idea that they could have been too friendly.

"Gosh all hemlock," exclaimed Ralph, "what must we be—little diplomats as if it was an international question?"

"Exactly," replied Father. "That is just what it is. We assumed it would be easy—that sheer friendliness was enough—and we expected gratitude. Well, just put yourselves in the place of these youngsters deprived suddenly of everything they had always been used to, shoved into a totally strange environment. Melissa is right—we must stop overpowering the poor girl with attentions. How near could you get to Flick here, for instance, if you pummeled him with peanuts?"

"We'd better drown Nippy then," muttered Ralph darkly. "No one can keep that dog from being over friendly."

This made us laugh and we felt better. Then we began to plan our campaign. Fran suggested that if any member of the family thought another of us was making a blunder before Elizabeth, we would exclaim, "T.M., E.H." (I mean we would say the initials out loud—they stood for *To Make Elizabeth Happy*). Billy pointed out that when you said them fast, they sounded something like "tummyache." We had just about decided to adopt "tummyache" as our slogan, when Ralph said that such a word would surely arouse Elizabeth's curiosity. So we finally decided just to rub our stomachs, as if we had a tummyache. The program was to start immediately.

Next day Elizabeth was up and around, but

I made no overtures, such as "Let's go here," or "Let's do this." I simply said, "Good morning" pleasantly and went about my own affairs. The others did the same. Ralph played tennis with Bob Overton, with never a suggestion to Elizabeth to join them. Fran and Lou went off on some excursion of their own with a cheerful, "See you all later." Ordinarily they would have begged Elizabeth to go along, and then acted mad when she refused.

By the end of the week the atmosphere seemed better. The sense of strain was gone. I thought Elizabeth looked happier. Often, instead of moping by herself, she would get a book and come of her own accord to the porch where some of us would be sitting. Ralph stopped leaping to his feet and offering her a chair. He began to treat her the way he does his sisters—which, if it isn't too polite, still isn't too bad. We even made Donie stop giving her an extra large glass of orange juice for breakfast. In short, we behaved as if she were one of us, instead of a guest to be petted, or a refugee to be pitied. She must have wondered about it. Sometimes I caught a puzzled look on her face.

One evening, toward the end of August, Father announced at dinner that he had an invitation from Mr. Newberry to bring his whole family on an all-day trip down the Potomac. Mr. Newberry has a forty-foot cabin cruiser, and we are always tickled to death when he asks us to take a trip with him.

"All in favor raise the right hand," went on Father.

Of course our hands shot up, all except Elizabeth's. Father noticed this and began, "Elizabeth, wouldn't you—" when I started rubbing my stomach and groaning loudly.

Ralph burst out laughing. "Your youngest daughter seems to have a bad tummyache," he said.

Daddy looked puzzled a moment, then he caught on. "Too bad," he murmured. "Hope it won't keep you home to-morrow, daughter." "Raise the hands again, please," he repeated. "Everybody in the house is invited."

Suddenly I felt as if this were a test, and that it would show whether or not our new plan was working. If Elizabeth consented to go, I would know that the experiment was succeeding. But she did not raise her hand. She just sat there, a troubled frown between her dark eyebrows. It was as if she had scarcely heard Father. She stared at me, but she didn't seem to see me.

Suddenly I felt a lump in my throat. I knew I was going to burst into tears. Nothing was of any use, we had failed. There was simply no bridging the gap between her life and ours. She did not like us and she never would. I jumped up from the table so suddenly that my chair overturned, but I didn't care. I rushed upstairs, threw myself on my bed, and buried my face in my pillow.

Presently I felt a soft, jarring movement at the foot of my bed. Selassie, I thought, must have been in the room and had jumped up to be near me, in that quiet way he has. I kept right on sobbing until I had cried all the tears I had. Then I opened my eyes and raised myself on one elbow. On the foot of my bed sat, not Selassie, but Elizabeth. She had been there all the time.

I stared at her and she stared back at me, clasping and unclasping her hands. "Is the pain very bad?" she asked.

"The pain?" I repeated.

"Your stomach ache. It must be dreadful. Oh, how I wish I could help you." She came closer and timidly patted my hand.

Finally I managed to say, "I haven't any pain. I was crying because—because you didn't want to go with us to-morrow."

Elizabeth gave a little gasp. "But I did want to go. I waited a minute to be sure your father meant to include me—and then you got that pain. And I wouldn't think of going without you, especially if you were sick. If ever you get sick, I am going to take care of you."

I sprang up from the bed. "Glory be!" I cried. Then I began, "Why, Elizabeth—"

She caught my hand, interrupting me. "Won't you call me Betty?" she said, taking my hand in both her own. "Please do!"

EARLY BIRDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

But it was really amazing to me to see how many kinds of birds we found. I began to watch the list with pride in every addition. I watched Lee, too—I knew how much the day was meaning to him, after our city's barriers. When I first knew him, his quiet demeanor had seemed almost indifference; now I knew it was a shield for any degree of intensity.

And Maunsell Crosby's enthusiasm was a joy to see. You would have thought that this day was the one chance in his lifetime to find birds, the way he revelled in each new discovery. Mr. F— was as keen, and his erudition continually astonished me. So did his organization, for in his zest he was marshalling us in companies, dividing us in columns, sending scouts here and there, and otherwise making the most efficient use possible of what force we were.

Later in the morning, a small but violent thunderstorm pounced suddenly on us, so we hastened back to the house and had luncheon on the porch, while the rain made murmuring curtains down the leaf-green tracery around us.

"This is just as exciting a game as golf or tennis," I said. "I had no idea it would be so exhilarating."

"And valuable besides," Maunsell said. "You see, this data that we collect may really extend ornithological knowledge. All these details may give us new ideas about bird behavior and distribution. It may help in migration problems, or in some way we don't yet realize."

"Maunsell has notebooks by the score," Mr. F— told me. "Graphs and tabulations and histories. Each day has its temperature and climatic condition written down, as well as what birds it offered. He can tell you all about this particular day of the month, for years back."

"How does your list stand now, Maunsell?" Lee asked.

"Seventy-three. We aren't up to last year's list," Maunsell said, consulting his notebook. "But it was a good morning, wasn't it?"

"Of course we've seen the easiest birds; we'll have harder work this afternoon," Mr. F— warned. "We'd better concentrate on the warblers first, don't you agree?"

So we went forth to another estate, the Franklin Roosevelt one, for Maunsell had free range on all the neighboring places. We walked up a grassy lane, shadowy under pine boughs. It was hot and steaming even there, after the short rain, and I felt so drowsy that



I wish my Daughter would

"I wish my daughter would avoid extremes in make-up! But her friends all go for fire-engine lipstick. So what can I do?"

Well, don't take it too seriously, because it's not worth an argument . . . and she'll outgrow it! Use a little tact . . . teach her tricks in matched make-up (and moderation).

"I wish my daughter would tell me things!"

This is important! Tell her things . . . and a sense of comradeship will bloom. Advise her about "difficult days," for instance. The difference a really comfortable napkin makes. Explain that Kotex sanitary napkins are less bulky and naturally less apt to rub and chafe.

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I wish my Mother would

"I wish my mother would wear smarter clothes!"

You've got something there, young lady . . . You want to be proud of her. So talk up shorter skirts, to begin with. Go shopping with mother . . . your fitting room "oohs" and "ahs" will do the rest. Make her feel smarter and she'll dress to match!

"I wish my mother would stop evading questions!"

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it was hard to see the landscape clearly. Birds were quite obscure.

But Maunsell had praised me for coming—he'd said that most women were silly enough to lose the afternoon's fun by taking a nap. How reprehensible—but oh, how comfortable, I thought longingly. But I couldn't disgrace Lee by withdrawing now.

So I trotted faithfully after the fanatics, trying through my stupor to remember the birding etiquette I'd learned that morning, trying to see the warblers the men saw. I never succeeded. Small things whizzed like popcorn among the twigs, but if they ever stopped an instant it was always behind a leaf. If I had found these warblers when my enthusiasm was highest, before lunch and after breakfast, I would have been enchanted by their diminutiveness. But now I was too tired to bother with such trifles.

Trying to locate them with the field glasses made them seem more nervous still. Occasionally I could see that a tiny bird had some yellow feathers. But when I announced this discovery, Lee crushed me by informing me that warblers in general were yellowish.

They all squeaked. Simple and unattractive little squeaks, sounding practically alike. Could these men really distinguish one squeak as a black-throated blue warbler and another as a chestnut-sided warbler?

If you had a Blackburnian and a Cerulean, why was there a Parula and not a Parulean? "Prothonotary" as a name for a bird an inch long was simply ostentation. And Kentucky, Nashville, and Maryland warblers were so unfair, they wouldn't even give you a color clue. I got a little bored with warblers.

The sun shone hotter and hotter; in the ravine we were following, no wind stirred. Much later, we did get out on an open hillside, but the spaces were wider there, and we had to run more to keep up with our wayward midgits. I took to sinking on the grass as I struggled to focus my binoculars on them. Oh, for a fine large feathered friend! And there was one.

"Oh, look," I cried, "a huge black—"

"It's simply a crow," Lee hissed at me. I blushed, but it didn't show; I was far too hot. And just then Maunsell spied a great blue heron in a bit of marsh and I got my wish for a really large bird. This was the largest we could have found.

Now we were boarding the car again. All day we had been darting in and out of that car—I did not want to do it any more. And I had seen so many birds they had mobbed in my mind. I could remember no individual. Even without those incoherent warblers, there were veeries and vireos, nuthatches and sapsuckers, killdeer and redstarts—I couldn't remember which was where or what. Even hawks. I had thought a hawk was a hawk, but no, it had to be a sharpshin, or a red-tail, or a red-shoulder.

Maunsell interrupted my brooding. "We've time for this one more pasture and the wood," he reassured us cheerily, "before we meet the others at Brickyard Swamp."

The pasture was a relentlessly sunny one. All day I had been very docile, obeying orders like a well-trained lamb, but here I became a rebel. Instead of following instructions to scout along a fence, I made an abrupt sortie of my own. Up on the hill I could see streaks of shade.

There in the wood it was suddenly blissfully cooler. A golden sheen lay softly over the fields below me, shadows were lengthening their blue wings. Far down the gentle slopes, the trees stood serenely in the crystal

air. Happiness swept through me in spite of myself.

Under the green shelter of a hawthorn that tilted against the hill, trailing its lowest branches to the grass, I lay back to relax and dream. No, not even to dream, for my mind held no memory of past happenings, nor any visions of what might be found. It was filled, utterly occupied with the beauty around me, the restless shimmer of tiny leaves swept by the faint wind, the tangle of vines and briars that deepened the forest edge, the irregular scrolls of cloud drifting across the sky.

Before me was a sun-gold opening in the wood, with grass of luminous green under a starriness of white flowers, and space for the wind to follow. Miniature leaves and shining buds made green intricacies all about me. So clearly drawn and so young, this beauty of spring; its fugitive freshness touches the heart with a poignancy utterly different from that of autumn. I can never get enough of May.

I turned and bent a long spray of hawthorn back and forth, watching the white petals sway against the blue-lighted sky. The stem felt vibrant and alive between my fingers. A petal dropped, like a small falling star. How strange it was that I had had in my life so little chance to be alone outdoors, when I longed to be. How would it seem for Lee and me to have days alone with clouds and grass and humming, fluttering things—away from houses, people, noise.

The others came up the hill. They looked as if they needed to lie down on the grass, too, in the cool shade. They looked a little cross. With a great effort I sat up and spoke pleasantly.

"The birds are beginning to sound sleepy," I said. "They don't sing at all the way they did this morning. They just chirp."

"And your laugh," Mr. F—observed in a detached way, "has become a titter."

Titter! I sat on the grass in a fury. Of all mean words! How horrid, how unfair! Here I had been staggering around all night and day, as bright as a dandelion, looking on pleasantly instead of scornfully at this over-activity—and then I was accused of tittering!

I remained silent and aloof on my grass tuft. And later in the car I looked as grim as I could in my exhausted state. Eighteen hours of birding had undone me.

But when we reached Brickyard Swamp and met the other party—all four men, and all looking very hot and tired, I was glad to see, even if they were not tittering—we discovered that they had one hundred and fifteen birds on their list and we had one hundred and twenty-one! So in our triumph I forgot to sulk and dinner was a great success—though Lee and I had to miss an enticing dessert and part of a discussion on the difference between personality and individuality, to get our train back to town.

I was completely exhausted the next day, but in spite of that I liked the feeling that I had assisted, even in a minute way, in adding to ornithological data. And then I found I was remembering the long-extended hunt, from dark to dark, and its spangles of birds, with the greatest joy. The periods of personal discomfort faded like dew, but the whippoorwill call in the night, the grotesque bitterness of the marsh remained as vivid as when I heard and saw them. Even, I thought, some time in the distant future when I had recovered from such avalanches of bird information, when I had had time to look up a few species, when I was rested and longing for outdoors, I might like to do it again.



WHAT'S ON THE SCREEN?

This list has been selected by permission from the movie reviews published in "The Parents' Magazine," New York City



—FOR AGES TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN—

Excellent

LADY FROM CHEYENNE, THE. This is more than just a gay, fictional account of a courageous schoolteacher (Loretta Young) whose fight for woman suffrage prompts her State to be the first to grant women the vote. Its underlying plea that women continue to fight for justice, while hidden in delightful and amusing episodes, is tremendously worthwhile. Loretta Young is better than ever and Frank Lloyd's direction never loses its magic. (Univ.)

MEET JOHN DOE. Frank Capra, the director, has more than met his match in Gary Cooper, the actor, for it is Cooper's performance which dominates this film, and to him should go most of the credit for its tremendous appeal. He is the perfect symbol of the gentle ones of the earth who are almost given their chance in the story to demonstrate their strength through a great moral awakening. The film's weakness is that, for the sake of dramatic punch, they are made to desert their leader too easily. But the fine intent to bolster our faith is still evident and for this, as well as for its out-of-the-ordinary humor, its absorbing story, its brilliantly executed scenes and stunning photography, the picture ranks high. Walter Brennan, Barbara Stanwyck, James Gleason, and Regis Toomey are excellent support for Cooper's commanding performance. (Warner)

THERE'S MAGIC IN MUSIC. [Originally titled "Hard Boiled Canary."] The famous music camp at Interlochen, Michigan provides the setting for this delightful story of a young singer (Susanna Foster) who finds it difficult at first to accept her fellow students' standards, both in conduct and in musical taste. Her final generous loyalty in a crisis endears her to the others. The refreshing youthfulness of the actors and the fine music have won for the picture the praise of many music clubs. It has also been awarded the May Parents' Magazine Medal as the outstanding picture for family audiences. (Paramount)

Good

BACK IN THE SADDLE. Popular Gene Autry returns from New York to find that his cattle have been poisoned by copper sulfate dumped into the water by unscrupulous miners. Moreover, his young employer gets into trouble and is jailed. But Autry and Smiley Burnette win against all odds, to the cheers of the audience. (Rep.)

BORDER VIGILANTES. Hopalong Cassidy gets the better of a crook who poses as head of an association of silver miners, but who is really leader of the outlaws who are forcing the miners to abandon claims. (Para.)

POT O' GOLD. An entertaining musical which purports to tell the story of how the radio show of the same name got its start. It's a bit far-fetched, but a good yarn, and the cast (James Stewart, Paulette Goddard, Charles Winninger) give it the nonsensical charm which puts it over. Horace Heidt and his band impersonate themselves engagingly. (U.A.)

For descriptions of the Eight-to-Twelve films, look under Twelve-to-Eighteen heading

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THE COUNCIL FIRE

The Council Fire, the international Girl Scout and Girl Guide magazine, contains especially interesting news these days. It is published quarterly. Subscriptions (which are 50c per year) may be sent to Girl Scouts, Inc., 14 West 49th Street, New York City. Leaders and Girl Scouts find it of great value in exploring the field of international friendship.

ROBBERS OF THE RANGE. When a railroad agent uses foul methods to obtain a right of way, Tim Holt is forced to masquerade as a killer in order to secure evidence to convict the thieves. Beautiful scenery, capable acting, comedy, and Holt's likableness are assets. (RKO)

SCOTLAND YARD. When a bank robber successfully masquerades as a bank president (John Loder) you have the beginning of an exciting movie. Add to that a determined Inspector from the Yard (Edmund Gwenn), a fair lady (Nancy Kelly), and grim foreign agents, and you get a grand mystery. Set in present-day England, the atmosphere of cheerful people doing their daily work is enormously effective. (Fox)

SIGN OF THE WOLF. Two magnificent police shepherd dogs are stars of this fine dog story. Set in the North Woods, it is exciting and always interesting. (Mono.)

SIS HOPKINS. A streamlined version of the play which delighted our grandparents, with Judy Canova as a young country girl who comes to the city to visit wealthy relatives. Her engaging and natural charm endears her to many, much to the annoyance of her snobbish cousin (Susan Hayward), who humiliates her. Bob Crosby, Jerry Colonna, and Charles Butterworth complete a strong comedy line-up. (Rep.)

THAT HAMILTON WOMAN! Vivien Leigh is as striking an embodiment of Ronney's famous portraits of Lady Hamilton, as she was the complete realization of the fictional Scarlett O'Hara. If the film could boast of nothing more than her captivating performance it would be outstanding. But it has many other distinctions, particularly Laurence Olivier's simple yet penetrating characterization of the great Lord Nelson. In addition there is the startling contemporaneity of Nelson's long fight to bring England to a realization of her peril from Napoleon and, finally, the thrilling battle of Trafalgar. The script is splendidly literate and, by never over-stressing its points, gives an impression of fair-mindedness. Particularly is this true in the presentation of Lady Hamilton's character—her vagaries are not glossed over, yet you are convinced of her essential worth. Pictorially this is one of the loveliest films of recent months. Mature but of historic interest. (U.A.)

—FOR AGES EIGHT TO TWELVE—

Excellent

THERE'S MAGIC IN MUSIC

Good

BACK IN THE SADDLE

BORDER VIGILANTES

POT O' GOLD

ROBBERS OF THE RANGE

SIGN OF THE WOLF

SIS HOPKINS

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HONEY ANN LEARNS TO RIDE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

The twelve halted in their tracks. In the moonlight they could see the old man standing beside the gate.

"We—we want to hike up to the falls," Miss Pepper said, very steady after a preliminary hesitation.

"No trespassin' allowed," said the old man fiercely, and as he moved Honey Ann's hand gripped Sara's convulsively, for the moonlight gleamed on the long barrel of a shotgun. "Get goin'—or I'll shoot you full o' buckshot."

Miss Pepper hesitated another moment, then she turned. "We'd better go, girls," she said.

With amazing speed, the twelve got going. They didn't slow down until they were around several curves.

"Did you ever hear of such a thing?" Lou panted, as they finally straggled to a tired pause.

"Yes—in stories," said Sara.

"I'm afraid he isn't just quite balanced," Miss Pepper said soberly. "Living alone up in the mountains this way—it does make people queer."

"How interesting!" cried Sara.

"Yes, interesting," Lou repeated sardonically. "Just effectively spoils our fun, that's all."

However, drooping spirits rose again over marshmallows, back at the cabin, toasted to acrid black or melting tan according to the temperament of the toaster.

"Here, take this nice one," Honey Ann offered, holding out a golden puff to Sara, who was just blowing the flame out of a black char on her stick.

"I like 'em this way, thanks," Sara said. "They're wonderful inside. Besides, the burnt part makes a nice contrast."

"Let's sing a bit and then go to bed," Miss Pepper suggested, holding her slim ankles in her clasped hands and gazing into the fire.

They sang, the songs sounding never so lovely as in the magic of the firelight. Then they tramped out under the moon to brush their teeth, with much hilarious confusion, and finally tucked themselves away in the long row of cots, side by side in the loft, with windows wide to air and silver moonlight.

"Isn't this perfectly—" began Sara, and fell asleep before she could finish her sentence.

BUT in the morning it was a bit gloomy to realize that some one would have to stay at home because there weren't enough horses—and that there were no horses, anyway, except the doleful ones at Perkins's.

"I'll stay home," Honey Ann begged. "I'd rather."

"No, I'll stay," said Sara firmly. "I need to heal myself up a bit. My hip doesn't feel as if it could take the beating any of those horses would give it."

"And you might draw straws for some one to stay with Sara," suggested Miss Pepper. "I'd planned to give you a work-out down on the spring road where it's so level and straight. I hate to have you girls miss it."

Diana drew the short straw, and she and Sara tried to look happy as they watched the rest start off for the Perkins ranch.

Honey chose Lady again, and found that riding wasn't quite so terrifying the second

time. However, Lady was in no more lively spirits than the day before.

"I'm afraid you'll have to switch her a bit," Miss Pepper said, as they all waited for Honey and Lady to catch up. "Otherwise we shan't make any progress at all."

"You just leave me behind," Honey urged. "I don't like to hit her. We'll get along all right. You know I'm quite safe with Lady."

"Well," Miss Pepper said dubiously, "she's safe enough. But it isn't so much fun for you. If only we could have had those other horses!"

The nine riders were soon out of sight. Coming to a crossroads, Honey paused, wondering which way they had gone. That is, she paused in mind though not in body, for Lady kept right on going.

"Well, I guess you know where you're headed," Honey remarked aloud to her steed. "And they did say they were taking the camp road. Besides," she added reproachfully, "you don't pay any attention to what I say, anyway."

Lady plodded on, and Honey abandoned herself to silence, feeling that conversation was lost. The road slowly unwound; she folded her sweater and stuffed it behind her to keep the saddle from rubbing. Birds flashed across the deep sky. Honey waved as she passed camp, where Sara and Di were playing solitaire on the porch.

"The others must have gone down the left fork, after all," she thought. "I'll turn back." She bravely laid the rein over Lady's neck as Miss Pepper had taught her, but Lady merely tossed her head and plodded along on her chosen course.

Honey jerked a little on the rein. Lady looked around at her indignantly, but continued on her way.

"My goodness gracious!" murmured her rider. She pulled again. No result. Lady ambled around another curve. They were coming to Wind River Ranch now. And ahead of them the gate stood ajar.

"Oh, you can't go in there," Honey Ann implored. "Lady, whoa!"

But Lady inexorably approached the gate. Desperately Honey pulled on the reins. She considered jumping off, but gave it up for she knew she couldn't. What would happen now? If the old man were really crazy, what would he do when he saw her, a girl, not only riding a horse but trespassing on his property?

"Whoa, I say! Whoa!" she ordered tremulously.

Lady walked between the aspen gateposts. Each deliberate step seemed to take hours. Honey fastened her round dark eyes on the log ranch house, closed and sinister.

And then the door flew open and the old man burst out. "Hey, where ye going?" he demanded in his cracked old voice.

Honey Ann moistened her dry lips. He didn't have his shotgun, anyway, though he could fetch it in a second. "Nowhere," she said piteously.

"Nowhere?" squeaked the old man. "Well, I'll thank ye to find your nowhere some place else besides my front yard."

Lady plodded on around the house toward the corral. The old man watched the horse intently, and the girl's helpless gaze remained fixed on him while she futilely pulled on the reins.

"Say, can't ye handle that critter?" he shouted. "Pull her up sharp."

"I am pulling," answered Honey Ann tremulously. "If I pull any harder I'll—I'll hurt her."

The old man stared. Then he chuckled. With a rush he was off the porch, and holding the horse's bridle.

"Well, old lady," he said to the horse, "guess you musta lived up here one time. You knew it was a greenhorn on your back, didn't you, old lady?" He turned to Honey Ann. "Not much of a handler, are you?"

"No, but I was going to learn," she told him. "Miss Pepper's teaching the others. Only I couldn't keep up, because Lady didn't feel like it."

"You ain't got a whip about you? To whip her up hill at a gallop and break her wind? What kind of a girl are ye, anyway?"

"None of us would do that," Honey answered with dignity. "If we didn't have sense ourselves, Miss Pepper wouldn't let us. Besides, Sara and Lou know lots about horses. And Gretel—why, I think Gretel likes her horse better than her father and mother, and I know she likes him better than any of us."

"Hmp! Well, I hope they know more about riding than you do. Now I've got her turned around, she'll keep straight on home, I shouldn't wonder."

"Oh, thank you," said Honey Ann fervently. He wasn't going to shoot her full of buckshot after all.

"Click your tongue," he admonished.

Honey Ann clicked her tongue, and Lady's step quickened.

"Now pull her up, kind of sudden like, so she'll know you mean business," he went on.

Honey tried it, and it worked. Lady stopped. Then she clicked again, and Lady started on.

"Hey, there, wait a minute," roared the old man. Stiffly, he hurried after her.

A WORRIED-looking party came trotting up the road half an hour later.

"I'll never forgive myself," Miss Pepper mourned. "Of course nothing's happened to her, but I shouldn't have let her get out of sight. Even on Lady."

"There she is," Lou interrupted, with relief in her voice. "For goodness sake, she's trotting!"

Honey Ann beamed at them, and drew Lady to a stop. "Isn't it—fun?" she panted. "But wait till we try Pop's horses."

"Pop's horses?" Miss Pepper repeated.

"From Wind River Ranch," answered Honey nonchalantly. "That'll be some different from riding these spiritless nags from Perkinses."

THE FIDDLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

"Play on it," said the boy. "I am going to be a musician."

"Upon my word, David," the mother complained, "here I go to all the trouble and expense of setting you up as a bootblack, and as soon as you begin to make money you chop and change about! Besides, it is bad enough to have your brother, Ben, tootling forever on his saxophone without your squeaking on a fiddle. Why don't you get yourself a pair of roller skates?"

"What he needs is a pair of shoes," said Ben, the older brother. David was forced to (Continued on page 45)

Wings on wheels



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THE OFFICE WORKER'S JOB

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

when his check is considerably overdue, helping a salesman to sell more lumber in Peculiar, Idaho, or describing a new gadget for the floor lamp which your firm manufactures. You can see, then, that the manner in which you handle your work makes you important, for by your accuracy and intelligence, or lack of it, you may make or mar your employer's success. The investment banker who said in a letter to a distinguished client that he had been devoting much time to the matter and could now float a loan, was considerably embarrassed to find, a few days later, that his stenographer had written it thus, "I have been devoting much time to the matter, and find that I can now float alone." Even in a small office, the stenographer has a chance for advancement, a thing which some day may be of vital importance to you, even though it may not seem probable at the moment. Stenography is an equipment easily capitalized upon, because you may go into a strange city and find a position and because you may take it up again after an absence of several years, should circumstances require. In taking a position, you might find it more interesting to be near the office where contacts are numerous than back in the clerical or record departments.

Or perhaps you would like to operate one of the many machines used in offices. Are you good at figures? If so, you might enjoy working with them on a machine in the bookkeeping and statistical departments. On an adding machine, you punch keys bearing the numbers you wish to add, and lo, you have the total by pressing a handle; the biller, you use much as you would a typewriter; on the calculator, you also press keys bearing the numbers you wish, and by various processes it will add, subtract, multiply, and divide in a most uncanny fashion; on the bookkeeping machine, you combine your typing and your figures for a more complicated ledger statement, perhaps. Where there is a volume of work, you will probably find an electric machine, but in the small office it is apt to be a hand-operated one. Do you think you might find this repetition of figures monotonous, or fascinating? Would the steady grind of close work become irritating to your nervous system, or would you make an even rhythm of it so that you could take it in your stride? Perhaps, in some of your aptitude tests at school, you have shown a high degree of manual dexterity; this, coupled with an interest in figures and a dislike for letter-writing or English, might indicate that you would do well on one of the machines used in bookkeeping.

Have you ever been in the circulation, shipping, or mailing departments? Here you might find the reproducing machines, such as the Mimeograph or the Ditto, which take a master stencil previously made on a typewriter and from that impression run off large quantities of exact duplicates. The addressograph, the stamping, sealing, folding, and weighing machines are only random examples of the dozens of office devices whose operation might furnish you a job. Again, if you are meticulous about details, if you are good at working with your hands, if you would enjoy seeing how much you could turn out in a day and take pride in trying to increase that volume, you might find satisfaction in this sort of job. The bookkeeping machines require training, but many of the others are learned while on the position, al-

though they should be included in a business course if it is a well planned one.

Next in salary and availability, you might consider filing, record-keeping, and all sorts of clerical work. We say "availability," not because the number of openings is small, but because, since these positions require little or no previous training, the number of applicants always exceeds the number of opportunities in normal times. In the filing department you might be given a job at one of the sorting tubs, separating cards or forms according to certain classifications shown by clip, size, or color as a means of distinction. If you are alert, accurate, and quick to react, you might, after a little instruction, do the actual work of placing material in the file cabinets or indexes. Would you like to copy records, or post figures with pen and ink, or even with a typewriter? Unfortunately the amount of security in these jobs is low, because a girl who requires little or no training for a task can be replaced for minor reasons, or dispensed with during dull seasons with the assurance that a substitute will be found very easily. Some of these positions are known as "blind-alley jobs" because, unless it is a specialized field, you would be no nearer advancement at the end of two years' experience than you were at the beginning. Yet they answer a purpose if you cannot secure training, or if you wish to begin work immediately and only for a short period of time. In some organizations the salary for clerical work is fairly good.

OF COURSE, you've thought of the job of receptionist, or information clerk. It looks extremely easy and a pleasant sort of work, but it isn't always so easy. The one who receives people, or gives out information at an outer desk, has to deal with human beings, sometimes courteous and sometimes grouchy ones. If you enjoy talking with people, if you have a great deal of patience with others, if you can keep your poise when those around you become disagreeable or alarmed, then consider the information desk. You might find it in a professional office, or in a large concern. It might include handling the telephone, making appointments, a little typing, and even a switchboard, which is a board handling incoming and outgoing calls on several trunk lines or telephones. If this is a small board, you will be able to handle it after a very brief instruction, although it is an advantage to know it in advance. We have often seen a receptionist, or telephone girl, handle her job with such smoothness and dexterity as to make it a joy to watch her.

Now, what are the necessary personal qualifications for the kind of work you have been considering? First of all, here, as in any other job or in your personal life, you will need honesty and loyalty. In these days, with insurance and bonding, the need of honesty arises not so much from a firm's desire to protect money as from small, intangible things. If you are honest, you will not chisel on time that you have sold to someone else; you will refuse to alibi; you will take interest in the care of the machinery or tools with which you work; and you will not be inclined to gossip outside about the business of the office. Your honesty on a job is mainly a recognition of the rights of other people, a respect for their property whether it be a typewriter, or business secret, or someone's reputation. In

the ordinary office, you will find that this honesty comes back to you threefold.

Another good pair of qualifications is alertness and accuracy. Don't go around with that dreamy, languid air that makes people say, "She looks as though she were trying to imitate Greta Garbo, but she surely missed the boat." Look alive and be alive, for the sake of your own attractiveness as well as the success of your job. If you are checking lists, be absolutely sure that every sheet is checked; if you are copying names, be certain that every name and initial is exactly correct. People are rather fussy about the spelling of their names, you know, and many a good customer has been highly offended by receiving a letter in which his name was misspelled. Get the reputation in your office for being able to follow instructions to the letter. This comes largely from turning your whole attention to the thing you are doing. The office is really not the place to be considering whether or not you should wear your blue hat to-night, or whether or not you could ever learn to handle a pair of skis. If, after your employer has given you a task, he says to you rather doubtfully, "Do you think you can do that?" don't just say "yes," but make some reassuring remark showing the confidence you feel—for that will send him away equally confident that the work will go through on time.

"Use your head" is a slang phrase all too commonly heard in the clerical department, but it describes vividly a valuable instruction. When I was very young and equally trusting, I dictated for four hours one extremely busy day to a new stenographer. As I drew a sigh of relief and beamed inwardly at the big job done, I heard her say, "I won't be able to read a word of this—it was too fast for me." In answer to my faint protestation that she should have asked me to slow up, she replied plaintively, "They told us at business school never to interrupt the dictator." Undoubtedly that had been her instruction, but she didn't use any judgment in applying it.

Cultivate a healthy curiosity about the reason why things are done as they are. You do this, not by making a nuisance of yourself with many questions, but by intelligent observation and the relating of things in your own mind. If you think a few moments about the reason why you always record the number of enclosures on the lower left-hand corner of a letter, you will check each letter before placing it in the envelope, to see that all the necessary pieces are present. In this way, you will catch the fact that Mr. Jones neglected to hand you a check with the letter to the Whosit Manufacturing Company. Perhaps it was essential that that check be sent to-day in order to secure the substantial discount, and to-morrow would be too late. If you notice that your supervisor always looks at your typewriter ribbon before you begin filling in the name and address on your form letters, and if you wonder about it, then some day when she is not there you will realize that the ribbon for filling in must be just as dark as the form letter, in order to make it look to the casual reader as though the entire sheet were personally written. This quality—whether you call it judgment, common sense, or discretion—is something which you must develop through your own efforts. No one can give it to you; perhaps that is why it is comparatively rare.

The next quality is one which can be

summed up in a single word—relations. This does not refer to Cousin Jim or Aunt Tillie, but it concerns the manner in which you react to people and situations, and also the manner in which they react to you. If you were listing traits, you might include in it adaptability, amiability, cooperation, courtesy, tact, kindness, unselfishness, friendliness, fairness, poise, and dignity, but it is really a very simple thing. Here are a few questions by which you can test your rating in it. If, on a very busy day when the whole office was working at a high tension, someone used your typewriter and left the shift-lock on, so that returning to it hurriedly you found you had filled in a page with capitals, thus ruining an entire sheet, would you lose your temper and jump all over that girl publicly? Or would you say to yourself that she must have been in a hurry, also, and quietly recopy your page? If you finished your work at ten minutes before closing time and you noticed that Mary Jane had fully a half-hour's filing yet to do, would you give her a lift? Or would you pretend not to notice it because you had a friend waiting for you downstairs? If you were a receptionist and a salesman came in, draped himself over the corner of your desk and began a personal conversation, would you sit back and allow him to continue if he were interesting? Or would you sense that this was not a fitting situation for a business office and get rid of him quickly and tactfully? Remember, that if you have within yourself a reserve dignity, no one will presume upon it. This need not be prudishness, or unfriendliness; it is merely a consciousness of fitness and a possession of personal poise.

If you were in charge of three girls and found that one was consistently doing poor work, would you become angry and report her to the chief? Or would you devise a plan for winning her confidence, and help her to find a pride in playing her part in a big job? If one of the men in your office were inclined to be argumentative and loud-talking, would you refuse to talk to him at all, or would you discuss politics with him? Or would you make it a point always to turn the conversation to some impersonal, non-controversial topic? If, at the end of six months or a year, you did not receive the increase which you had been led to believe would be yours, would you gossip about it with other girls in the rest room, and complain about partiality? Or would you go directly to your immediate superior and ask him courteously and frankly if your work did not warrant the usual increase?

The last three qualifications involve assets which you may already possess in some degree, but which, with a little effort, you can greatly improve. They are a pleasing voice, habits of healthy living, and an attractive personal appearance. A good voice is particularly important because of the effect which it has on other people. If your voice happens to be thin, whining, high, or nasal, do something about it immediately. Perhaps at school, or in some community classes, you could secure the instruction which would enable you to practice at home and so gradually work a great improvement.

At seventeen, the chances are that you have good health, but in any case, if you are to hold a job happily, you must form regular habits of living. A proper amount of sleep, sufficient regular exercise, and a wholesome diet are things over which you have complete control. Select some kind of recreation which will take you outside regularly, and make that

(Continued on page 46)



"May I sit this hike out, please, Miss Jones?"

"BUT, LOUISE, you can't drop out now! The rest of the class would call you a sissy!"

"I know, Miss Jones. And honest I want to go, but gosh . . ."

"Something's bothering you, isn't it? You've been edgy all morning."

"Well, if you really must know . . . I just feel so uncomfortable I don't want to walk."

"Heavens, if that's your only trouble, it's time some one told you about Modess."

"Modess? How can that help? It's just another sanitary napkin."

"Oh no, it isn't! It's a very different napkin—much softer—as you'll soon find out. Run, get some from the supply closet. Five minutes from now you'll be cheering me."

On the Way Home

"It's been a wonderful day, Miss Jones. I don't know how to thank you!"

"Don't thank me, child, thank Modess."

"I sure will. Gee, I feel grand! How can a napkin be so soft!"

"Modess is made that way. It's that wonderful downy filler of 'fluff.' Tell your mother to get you Modess Junior—a box of 10 napkins for only 15¢."

"You bet I will. You don't get me being uncomfortable again."

"Wise girl. And read the little pamphlet inside the box. It's all about Modess safety, and you'll like it."

"Thanks, I will. Just think I'd have missed a swell time if you hadn't introduced me to Modess."





ALL HER VERY OWN

ARDEN, DELAWARE: While looking through THE AMERICAN GIRL, I became very much interested in *A Penny for Your Thoughts*. You see, I have been getting the magazine at my home for only two months—that is, two issues. Before, although I was perfectly welcome to look through the magazine every time I came into the library, it was for a limited time only, or else some other more fortunate girl had gotten it before I was able to. But now it's all mine, and much more to my enjoyment, too, because I can sit down and read all morning (or afternoon either, for that matter) with nobody to annoy me by whispering across the aisle, "Hey, aren't you finished yet?"

It's swell to have girls write from foreign and war-torn countries to tell their sympathetic international neighbors what's going on, isn't it? I love to hear from these girls as well as from far corners of our own America.

I am twelve years old, in the seventh grade, and I like, as winter sports, ice-skating, sledding, and soccer; in summer, swimming, of course, hiking, baseball (as a fan, mostly), and all the nice games we have at Scout meetings. Best of all, in the summer, I love to tramp around in the woods by the creek, cook outdoors, and have campfires for the crowd.

My hobbies, you might say, are writing, reading, and piano. I take lessons from a good friend of my mother's, so I don't get as worried as I know some of you do when you haven't practiced enough and you know it. Most of my writing is done on my new typewriter, which was my main present for Christmas.

I am a Second Class Scout of Troop Eleven, Arden.

Jolly Smolens

MORE STORIES ABOUT EM AND KIP

CATONSVILLE, MARYLAND: In telling my thoughts about THE AMERICAN GIRL, I am going to start right at the beginning. First comes the cover. I have a little brother seven months old (I am thirteen) and when I was looking at the cover of the magazine, with him on my lap, he said, "Oo-gla" and laughed. That shows that even a baby appreciates good art.

Then, the *American Painters Series* is rare. I can see all the famous pictures without going to an art gallery. But the thing I like most is that they are all painted by Americans.

(Talking about the covers, I forgot to mention that S. Wendell Campbell is my

A penny for your thoughts



favorite artist. Her drawings of teen-age girls are perfectly adorable).

Next are the stories. I am always a little jealous when I hear other girls talk about the "Em and Kip" stories. Who and what were they? Please couldn't we have just one? My favorite stories are the ones about Bushy and Lofty, with Midge running a close second. And the serials are perfectly swell.

How I used to hate the articles! But I have changed now. I have reread all my old magazines, reading all the articles—and I think they're swell, especially the ones by Beatrice Pierce.

The poems are just enough to add variety to the magazine. My favorite was the one about *Old Mrs. Tressider Over at Winches* by Ivy O. Eastwick.

The Girl Scout features have a new interest for me now, because I am on the "waiting list" of a Girl Scout troop in Catonsville, Maryland.

What is my favorite department? *A Penny for Your Thoughts*. *Laugh and Grow Scout* is true to its title because, every month when my magazine comes, I turn to page forty-seven and laugh—and now I am going to become a Scout!

Ruth V. Bruchey

"SMILE FORMULA"

BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA: I got a year's subscription to THE AMERICAN GIRL for Christmas, and I have enjoyed it greatly. I am thirteen years old, and I'm going to be an opera singer when I grow up, I hope. I love music—it just seems to make me feel good all inside.

Whenever I am troubled, or bothered about something, I just sing. My "smile formula" is this: "It takes sixty-four muscles of the face for a frown, only thirteen for a smile." It's true, too.

I've never written to *A Penny for Your Thoughts* before, but there's nothing like a first time.

Joan Carol Matthews

MORE SCHOOL STORIES WANTED

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA: The fact that I've only subscribed to THE AMERICAN GIRL for a year doesn't keep me from saying that I like the way you "go about things"—your articles, stories and characters, illustrations, advertisements, etc. You're doing a lot for the girls of to-day and you certainly should be commended for publishing such a wholesome magazine.

As usual, my favorite characters are Bushy and Lofty, Dilsey, Sara, Lucy Ellen, Midge, and Bobo Witherspoon. S. Wendell Camp-

bell's illustrations are grand (I wish I was kin to her; I might be). I've been getting so many ideas for clothes from your fashion pages. Those articles on vocations help a lot, too. What about some articles on care of the face, hair, or hands—perhaps some about personal beauty problems?

I just go wild over school stories. They're so full of life. Let's have some more stories about mix-ups, mysteries, dates, dances, parties, etc.

I am almost fifteen and in my second year of high school. My favorite sports are tennis, basketball, badminton, and swimming. My favorite pastimes are music, books, and knitting.

Virginia Campbell

FIRST COPY

LIHUE, KAUAI: When I came home from school on Friday, I saw my first copy of THE AMERICAN GIRL on my study desk. I was so glad that I threw my books down on my bed and quickly began to read it. I am about three-quarters through with the magazine, now. As a whole, I think THE AMERICAN GIRL is an excellent magazine, and I'm glad that I subscribed to it. My parents and my sisters and brothers think it is a very good magazine, too, and they enjoy looking at it and reading it.

I liked best, and enjoyed best reading the story of Gloria Jean and her stand-in sister, since I am a movie fan.

Well, anyway, I hope the next issue comes soon.

Betty Nakamura

THE JUNIOR DRAMATICS CLUB

ROBERSONVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA: I have been taking THE AMERICAN GIRL for almost a year now, and I thought it was about time for me to write and tell you how much I enjoy it. I especially enjoy Bushy and Lofty, Yes-We-Can Janey, and *A Penny for Your Thoughts*. I thought *Sing for Your Supper* an excellent serial, also.

I am thirteen years old and a Girl Scout. My hobbies are collecting stamps, hiking, swimming, and dramatics. A group of us girls got together and started a club which we call the *Junior Dramatics Club*. We write and give plays in the summer, making our own costumes. So you see I enjoy any articles in THE AMERICAN GIRL concerning dramatics.

My subscription is about run out, but you may be sure I am going to renew it, for I simply couldn't get along without THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Peggy Lou Gray

THE FIDDLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

admit that shoes were more necessary than fiddles. His mother was sorry for his disappointment.

"If there is any money left," she promised, "you may have it to buy whatever you like." After dinner she went with him to get the shoes. David pocketed the change which amounted to a dollar and fifteen cents, and set off in his creaking new shoes to look for a fiddle. Gildickon tagged at his heels. "It won't be easy," he thought, "to buy a fiddle for a dollar fifteen; but I like his spirit."

It wasn't easy. David tried every music store, curio shop, and pawn broker's shop on the Avenue. He saw plenty of fiddles, but the price was always beyond his means. He would not be discouraged, however, and at last, away down by the water front, he came to a music store in the basement of a dingy old frame house. Outside was a sign which read, "Going out of business. Everything must be sold. Name your own price."

In went David. "Have you a violin for a dollar and fifteen cents?" he asked.

The proprietor was a kindly old man. He considered the proposition. "If a violin is worth anything, it is worth more than that; but I happen to have one that is not worth anything which I will sell for that figure."

It was a queer-looking fiddle that he laid on the counter, small, pot-bellied, with sickle sound holes. The seams gaped open, and the inner bridge was gone. The old man dusted it gently.

"My grandfather bought this, long ago, from an immigrant lad just landed from abroad—a strange, half-simple fellow, my grandfather said. The old fiddle wasn't worth much, even then, and he hung it over the door for a sign. Ninety years it has hung there, but now I am selling out and don't need it. You can have it for a dollar fifteen."

David was delighted and closed the bargain at once. The old man threw in a set of strings and a bow for good measure, and the transaction ended in mutual satisfaction.

Gildickon was filled with amazement. How well he remembered that fiddle! "Good!" he thought. "Now I can square accounts a bit. Something tells me I owe somebody something in connection with that fiddle." He hurried after David as he left the musty old shop and made for home.

With some glue and a few bits of wood and the best will in the world, the boy proceeded to mend his fiddle. Here Gil's memory of the days in Simon's workshop was of immense help to David, though the boy was not aware of it. Without asking anybody, or even thinking much, he cut a new bridge, set it in place with a piece of string, reglued the seams, rubbed and polished the seasoned wood, and in no time at all the old violin was as good as new.

When it came to playing on it, David needed no help from Gildickon. Aside from some trifling awkwardness, owing perhaps to lack of practice, his bow swept the strings with a master's touch. Gildickon looked at the boy in astonishment. With his long, thin face, his long, thin fingers, his black brows, and the cowlick that sprouted up in front, he might have been Tony on the night the fairies caught him. "He may be Tony's great great grandson for all I know," thought Gil. "Stranger things have happened!"



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David's mother was by no means pleased about the new fiddle. She said again that Ben's saxophone was plenty for one family and that David was wasting his time.

"If I practice hard," said the boy, "some day I may get a job at the Carnival Club with Ben."

"Not with that old soap box," laughed Ben. "The Carnival Club is a swanky place." For all that, his brother practiced with great determination, and Gildickon bided his time, living meanwhile very comfortably in an empty mouse-run under the kitchen floor.

As the holiday season came along, the manager of the Carnival Club decided to do something special in the way of a floor show. He hired a good dance team and some gypsy singers. New Year's Eve was to be a gala night and, among the rest, Ben had a number on the program with a saxophone solo.

For days the little apartment echoed with his rehearsing. Gill agreed that one saxophone was enough for any family—one too many, he thought. Snug in the mousehole, he pondered ways of pushing David's fortunes. "If only the right people could hear his playing!" he reflected. "All he needs is a chance, and I've got to make it for him." He schemed and plotted and at last he thought up a plan.

On the afternoon before New Year's Eve, Ben went skating on the lake beside the Common. He watched the clock on a tall building that showed above the trees, for he wanted to get home in plenty of time to run over his solo once or twice before starting for the night club. "I must leave here by six o'clock," he said.

Gildickon took note of the remark. "It won't be six o'clock for a long, long time, my friend," he chuckled. At the risk of his neck he climbed the clock tower, and when the hands said five minutes to six, he pushed them back three quarters of an hour. "This may upset others besides Ben," he thought, "but it is all in a good cause." So Ben went on enjoying himself while Gil hastened to the apartment where David and his mother

were anxiously waiting for Ben to come home.

"He'll miss the show," the mother wailed. "He won't get the extra bonus that they promised. Maybe he'll lose his job."

"I've got to act quickly," thought Gil. "If it was anyone but David, I would not stoop to tricks like this." He kicked on the bell of the telephone until it gave out a faint clink.

"There's the telephone," cried the mother. "There's Ben now! Most likely he's lying dead in a hospital."

Almost before she got the receiver off the hook, Gildickon shouted in her ear, "This is Signor Ravioli speaking, of the Carnival Club. If Ben is not home, send David instead. Send him quick, quick, quick! Good-by." Gil got it all out before the operator on the other end had time to say, "Number, please?"

"That was Ben's boss," said the mother, hanging up. "He says you are to come right away. You must wash your hands and put on Ben's velvet coat and white trousers."

"Me? What for?" asked David, surprised.

"To play in Ben's place, of course," urged the mother. "Signor Ravioli said to hurry." So David hurried. He tucked his funny old fiddle under his arm and ran. Gil could hardly keep pace with him for laughing.

David dashed into the stuffy little dressing room at the Carnival Club, breathless, just as the gypsies were finishing their song.

"Come on, Ben," called Signor Ravioli. "You are late. You gave me a scare. Get out on the floor and swing it." He did not give David a second glance, seeing only the blue and white costume.

David followed instructions. He struck up a lively tune. The leader of the orchestra stared. This was not the saxophone solo he was expecting. The music swept on. David was getting everything that was to be gotten out of that fiddle. The people at the tables began to move their feet restlessly. Couple after couple rose and spun out upon the floor. The waiters chased back and forth, trays of dishes swaying perilously, but the

people would not eat. They danced and danced, and whenever David tried to stop, they clapped and shouted for him to go on. More patrons came in, threw off their fur coats, and joined the other dancers. The place was packed; never had the Club had such a night.

Presently Ben rushed in, full of apologies. "I was delayed," he explained. "My brother only came to take my place. He meant no harm."

"Well," said Signor Ravioli, beaming with satisfaction, "no harm is done. From now on I'll give him a permanent job. He is worth a lot of money." That suited David perfectly and every evening he played more entrancing music. People flocked to the Carnival Club and danced till the soles wore off their slippers.

Others came who loved music for its own sake. They wanted to know where the young musician had learned such unusual and enchanting tunes.

"I make them up as I go," said David. "It is very simple."

"He will be a great composer," everyone said, admiringly.

Fiddling for the night club, David earned bushels of money. He bought his mother a fur coat and he bought a handsome new violin for himself. He went to a music school and learned about rhythm and technic and harmony and counterpoint. He began to compose, and before long he was famous for his strange and beautiful music.

He kept the funny old fiddle, however, refusing to sell it to any of the collectors who were keen to have it. They said it was a rare specimen: origin, date, and maker unknown, but genuine for all that.

Gildickon could have enlightened them. On the whole, Gil was well satisfied with the outcome of his scheming. "I'll say I've squared accounts with that lazy Tony," he thought. "After all, if a fellow won't work no amount of help gets him anywhere; but on the other hand, it takes only a small push to send a hard worker sailing to the top."

THE OFFICE WORKER'S JOB

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

game or that relaxation a habit. If you become bored with one thing, take up a new interest. All of these contribute to the important qualification of good posture. Learn to sit, stand, and walk correctly, for it affects your efficiency as well as your personality.

And for clothes—well, there is only one rule for dress in an office, the same rule which applies for dress anywhere. It must be appropriate to the occasion. You need not always wear black, or even dark colors, but unless you have considerable money to spend on clothes, you will find that you often resort to certain basic colors in order to keep down the expenses of cleaning. Three or four months before you take your first position, plan your wardrobe, however small it may be, so that things will harmonize, and each new purchase will add to the ensemble rather than be a jarring note. At least two office dresses, two pairs of shoes, gloves, a hat and a coat according to the season are minimum needs. If your dress is dark, you can put color in your accessories. If you are fairly slender, a suit with different blouses will be fine; if you are—shall we say plump?—then stick religiously to the one-piece dress of plain lines and a coat. You can see that chiffon dresses, spool-heeled shoes, sleeveless dresses, a stuffed purse, campus brogues, a baggy

sweater, jangling jewelry—in short, fussy clothes of any kind—have no place in an office.

The other item in attractive personal appearance is good grooming, and grooming again is a matter of habit. Your daily routine must include a soap-and-water bath, brushing of teeth, brushing of hair, cleaning of nails, airing and brushing of clothes, cleaning of shoes, and securing fresh lingerie whether or not you do the laundering of it yourself. Make-up is permissible only when it adds to, rather than detracts from, your charm. A little rouge, a little lipstick and powder, if skillfully applied, may make you more attractive, but mascara and artificial eyelashes are out—all the way out. Honestly, now, did anyone ever fool you with these? And if not you, who else? If you use make-up, frequently remind yourself of two things about it. If you use too much, or apply it badly, you make a clown instead of a picture; and if you apply it in the office, or in public, you make a picture, but a very offensive one. And don't be misled by the fact that other people do it; like failure, bad taste is fairly common.

Having considered the kind of job you would like and prepared yourself for it, the next step is to find it. This can be made a

very exciting adventure, if you use intelligence and a little imagination in your search. Perhaps your school will put you in touch with an opportunity; perhaps you have friends who have suggested that they know of an opening; perhaps you are answering an advertisement in the *Help Wanted* columns of your local newspaper; perhaps you have selected a number of good firms where you are going to put in an application on the chance that they may have an opening such as you feel qualified for. But whichever way it happens to be, don't be haphazard in your application. Turn over in your mind the qualifications you think necessary for the job, and collect a few ideas which might prove that you have those qualifications. Then, perfectly groomed and wearing that outfit which you have assembled as appropriate for the office, you can fare forth to the prospective employer with confidence that you are prepared. If you will remember that you are setting out to sell him something which he wishes to buy if it is good enough, you will not be nervous, or vague about the outcome. If you are wise, you will not boast, or claim that you can do things which you don't know anything about, but by all means do say frankly and courteously what you can

(Continued on page 48)



The Remedy

"Father, I need a new riding habit."

"Can't afford it."

"But, Father, what am I to do without a riding habit?"

"Get the walking habit."—Sent by BARBARA DREWRY, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Easy

Bobby, aged six, returned from a two weeks' visit up North with his grandparents.

A neighbor saw him the morning after and said, "Hello, Bobby, glad to see you back. How did you find your grandma and grandpa?"

Bobby replied, "Oh, we didn't have any trouble at all. We had a road map."—Sent by MARY PATY, Birmingham, Alabama.

At the Art Museum

Two middle-aged ladies were standing before a cast of the Venus de Milo in an art gallery.

Presently one said to the other doubtfully, "Er—I suppose, Edythe, this statue is intended to represent Disarmament."—Sent by LOUISE JOHNSON, Calera, Alabama.

Sympathy



A little girl was out walking with her mother. Suddenly she stooped down and picked up a feather.

Looking at it for a moment thoughtfully, she said, "Look, Mummy! This poor feather has lost its bird."—Sent by ANNE BEALE, Franklin, Virginia.

The Prize-Winning Joke



Ownership

Margie had been out in the yard, playing with some newly hatched chicks. Presently she came running to the kitchen door. "Mother, aren't those little chickens ours?" she asked.

"Yes, dear."

"Well, that old hen thinks they're hers."—Sent by JEAN MARIE ENRIKIN, Shreveport, Louisiana.

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Right

The little boy was saying his go-to-bed prayers in a whisper.

"I can't hear you, dear," his mother admonished.

"I wasn't talking to you," the small one answered firmly.—Sent by MILDRED LINDSAY, Kenmore, New York.

Or Weavers

The teacher pointed out that a surname often indicates the trade of the ancestors of those who bear the name. He gave as examples the names Smith, Taylor, Baker, and others.

"Then I suppose my ancestors were spiders," said a boy named Webb.—Sent by BLANCHE RUTH,

Pardonable Error



CUSTOMER: Come, John, we are ready to go.

MILLINER: Pardon, madam, here's the hat you bought—that happens to be the box you're wearing.—Sent by MARIANNE EVERETT, Fayetteville, North Carolina.

Disguised

"What kind of dog is that, my boy?" asked the elderly gentleman.

"Police dog," answered the boy.

"He doesn't have the appearance of a police dog," protested the gentleman.

"Nope," replied the boy proudly. "He's in the secret service."—Sent by JUDITH SHERER, Baltimore, Maryland.



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THE OFFICE WORKER'S JOB

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

do, and what you have to offer. The tone of your voice, the manner in which your material is organized, your alertness, self-confidence, and personal appearance are all that a prospective employer has, on which to judge you. See that these matters truly represent you.

And just one thing more, nearly the most important thing of all. Having secured your job, see that you have fun doing it. When

you consider that you spend a large part of your waking hours on your job, you will realize that those hours must not be a depressing drudgery, but something which makes you come alive.

The story is told of an old Negro who, when asked how he had done such a beautiful job of polishing some brasses, answered "Ise got a glory." If you have a glory in your work, it is bound to bring you a certain radiance of spirit; if you have the glory, your job will serve you, rather than you serving the job.

DESERT CALLING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

"Sure," Tim assented absently, "I know all that. But I'm used to handling myself in rough water. Still, *this*—" His tone agreed, doubtfully, with her words, and then as suddenly changed. "What was that you said just now, about 'something to hold on by'?"

He faced her, pale but determined. "You're wrong about it's being impossible. Both ends of the bridge are still fast to the banks—you can see that yourself. There's only a narrow space where they've sagged apart in the middle. If I sort of edged myself out on this side carefully, and dropped into the water at the break, I'd last for the three or four strokes I'd need to bring me within grabbing distance."

Pam made a gesture of violent negation. "You'd be drowned. And Judy's heart would be broken. Wait till the water goes down."

"That may not happen for hours—maybe not till morning," Tim said. "And a night out here in the cold—well, it's a chance Pete oughtn't to take."

Pam let her gaze follow his, back to the flood. Even to her inexperienced eyes, it appeared probable that the river was still rising. And Pete did look simply ghastly.

"I've got it all worked out," Tim said in a moment. "Try to keep Pete as warm as you can, after I get across. There's only the oilskin coat, but that's something to keep the wind off. It may take a while to find somebody, and bring them back."

Something in his tone silenced the girl's protests. This was a Tim with whom she was not acquainted.

"What can I do to help you get across?" she asked him almost timidly.

"Take off that sash thing you've got wound around your waist," he said. "It looks strong. It'll have to do for the rope I need."

Pam untied the heavy, knitted silk sash of her sweater, and held it out to him.

Stooping, he unlaced his heavy sports shoes and kicked them off. Then, without glancing back, he walked toward the bridge, setting one foot down carefully after the other, in the slithering, wet sand. As he stepped out on the end of the bridge, he was already wading ankle deep in eddying water, and the planks sloped precariously under his stockinged feet.

Inching along, and listening with straining ears for the first ominous cracking which would announce the sweeping away of his frail road to safety, he finally reached the break in the bridge, a space perhaps six or eight feet in width through which the current raced terrifyingly.

He knew he could not hope to swim even that short distance. The river would inevitably sweep him past the bridge and down stream. There was just one way—whether it would work or not, he could not tell until he

had tried it. But it was the only chance that offered.

Taking Pam's sash, he fastened one end of it in a firm double knot to one of the broken planks, and at the other end he tied a loose loop into which he could slip his foot, stirrup-fashion. The loop had to be large enough to enable him to jerk his foot free at the proper moment, yet tight enough not to let it slip out too soon.

Soberly he adjusted the slip-noose around his foot, and let himself over the wrecked edge of the bridge into the rushing water.

But before he could take a stroke, the current had him in its power. As he had taken care to note from the bank, this current set slightly toward the farther side, and he had counted on that fact to bring him within reach of the other end of the bridge. If he had not taken the precaution of anchoring himself by the foot, he would have been swept past before he could make a move to help himself. But now the heavy silk rope jerked him to so swift a stop that it flung him still closer to the far side than he had expected, and he got a handhold on the bridge at once.

For a moment he clung there, fighting to catch his breath before pulling himself up onto the planks. Hanging there, a great relief in his heart, he turned his foot in the loop to free himself, and, at once, with an icy prickle of fear up his spine, he realized that the loop was now wrapped taut about his ankle. No amount of twisting and pulling had any effect on it—unless, as he feared, they served to pull the knot tighter. He was as securely tied in his precarious position as a boat to its mooring rope.

Pam, on the other bank, watching with frightened eyes, realized at once that something was wrong. She saw Tim struggling in the water, kicking out wildly with both feet, and then, to her horror, saw his grip on the bridge-end broken, and the swift water whirl him over and over—and *under*, out of sight.

For a moment there was only brown, foamed water and floating debris to be seen, then Tim's dark head came to the surface again, and the current, setting strongly toward the far bank, hurled him roughly once more against the bridge planks. His fingers closed convulsively on one of the splintered boards.

But still he was not able, she could see, to pull himself up to the timbers above. Gently, she lifted Pete's head from her lap, slipped the rolled-up oilskin coat under him for a pillow, and scrambling to her feet, ran toward the bridge.

Tim had stopped struggling, now, and was watching her, clinging grimly to the broken plank. To reach the place where he had tied her sash, Pam found herself getting into fairly

deep water. The river washed completely over the broken bridge-end, wetting her from head to foot, and the flying spray blinded her.

It was not until she was at the very edge of the planks that she saw what the trouble was. Unless she could free the sash rope on the near side, Tim's gallant adventure would end in tragedy.

She shouted to him, "Hold on tight, Tim! I'll untie it here."

He lifted one hand to show he had heard her, and then she saw his fingers take a fresh grip on the plank.

If she had had scissors, or a sharp knife, her task would have been simple, but the knot had been pulled very tight by the strain on it, and the wetness of the silk increased the difficulty. She worked frantically until her nails were broken and her finger tips raw, without making any headway. Then, just when she was growing desperate, a sharp-edged splinter of wood drifted by on the current washing over her end of the bridge, and she retrieved it with a swift inspiration.

Using the splinter to pry into the knot, she managed to get a purchase on the slippery silk, and slowly she worked it free.

Straining to hold the sash still wrapped about the plank, she called to Tim, "I've untied it! Hold on for your life, when I let go."

Again he made that gesture to show he understood, and Pam flung her end of the sash into the flood, and saw it whirled downstream toward him.

After that it was only a matter of seconds before the boy had pulled himself up on the bridge, lying there for a while, exhausted and letting the water rush over him as it would.

It was Pam, glancing up stream, who saw it first—a heavy tree trunk sweeping toward them on the tossing current, and certain, because of its immense size, to jam at one or the other of the broken bridge-ends. This time she shouted until the echoes came back from the mountain above her. "Tim, get back! The bridge will go out!"

She saw him sit up, his eyes following her terrified glance toward the swiftly arriving danger. Then he was on his feet and running for the opposite bank, just as Pam herself took to her own heels and ran stumblingly across the slippery, swaying planks.

They both reached safe, firm ground almost at the moment the tree struck. Both sides of the bridge shivered under the impact, and then the far side, where Tim had been a moment before, was wrenched loose from its supports. With a great cracking and grinding, it floated clear and went down with the flood, tangled in the broken branches.

The boy and girl stood on opposite banks, staring with wide eyes, water dripping from their clothing and their plastered hair. Then Tim shouted, "Hold the fort, Pam! I'll get help as soon as I can."

Pam, her heart somewhere in the region of her rubber-soled sneakers, nodded as bravely as she could. Her voice was shaky as she called back, "Okay! We'll be all right."

She watched Tim start down the heavily washed trail toward the desert below, before she went back and sat down beside Pete, lifting his head onto her lap again, and spreading the wet oilskin coat to dry in the hot sunshine. Later, when the sun was gone, Pete was going to need that coat for shelter and warmth, if Tim's rescue party did not reach them for some time. In another hour or so, darkness would be dropping down over the mountainside, and with it the keen, penetrating cold of the night hours in the hills.

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Unexpectedly, Pete moved. Looking down, she saw that his eyes were open and staring up at her in a puzzled fashion. He put one hand to his head, touching it experimentally.

"How do you feel?" Pam asked eagerly.

He took his hand away and studied it, his expression surprised. The cut was bleeding only a little now, but enough to stain his fingers.

She hastened to reassure him. "It isn't much. You hit your head when the car turned over. Tim and I washed out the cut, but we didn't have anything to bandage it with."

Pete asked, speaking each word slowly as if it were an effort, "Where is Tim? Was he hurt—or you, Pam? And where are we?"

"Still up on the mountain," she told him. "Tim's gone for help. You mustn't move, Pete. We don't want to start the bleeding."

"No—well—" he muttered. He lay quietly for a time, his forehead puckered as if he were trying to work it all out. Then, "The car turned over, you say? I remember now. The bridge went, didn't it?"

"It cracked in the middle, but Tim managed to get across before it went altogether," Pam explained. "It may take him some time to walk down the mountain in his stocking feet and find someone with a car who can come back with him. The stream's still too high for anyone to cross here," she added.

"There's a way around," Pete said more naturally. "Before this stream reaches the level, it goes underground in a sort of rocky canyon. Most streams do, you know, out here. And a car can cut around below there, and come up the far side of the mountain and then down by this road. It's about three times as long, but it's the best bet."

He was talking in his usual tone now. Some color had come back to his lips, and his face did not look so frightening.

"I don't believe he has any concussion," Pam told herself hopefully. "But we won't take any chance, till Tim gets back."

Presently the sun sank out of sight over the lower spur of hilltop straight ahead of them. Purple dusk was drifting down, in deeper and deeper layers of color, and a breeze had sprung up from somewhere. The air felt sharper.

Pam reached for the oilskin coat where she had spread it to dry, and shaking it out, tucked it about Pete's long, relaxed form on the sandy ground beside her.

Instantly the boy protested. "I'm not cold, Pam. Put it around your own shoulders, for goodness sake. What kind of sissy do you think I am?"

She laid her hand entreatingly on his when he would have pulled the oilskin away. "No, please, leave it for the present anyhow. I'll tell you if I'm cold. See, I have a sweater on. Tim told me particularly to keep you warm, after being knocked out. You know you were unconscious for quite a while."

"Was I?" he asked curiously. "I've lost count of the time, I guess. I'm not hurt, Pam, really. I'm just lying quiet a bit until my head stops spinning. But if you're really not cold, and if it makes you any happier to wrap me up like this, go ahead. I won't kick."

Pam leaned on her elbow, trying to ease the ache in her back, and made no answer. She wondered if they would have to stay out here on the mountain all night—and if there were snakes, or wild animals in the vicinity. In books she'd read, about people being lost, it was always with the darkness that that sort of danger appeared. Perhaps they ought to build a fire.

Evidently the same notion had been mull-

ing about in Pete's mind, also, for he said, "Think you could collect some twigs and dead branches, Pam? We can keep warm with a fire. Everything must have dried out pretty well by now. Besides, a fire will act as a beacon to guide Tim's party, when they do show up."

It was still light enough for Pam to hunt for wood. Fortunately, up here on the mountain there were trees and low bushes. Branches had washed down on the flood, too, and the hot sun had dried them. There wasn't as much wood as she had hoped, but she did manage to collect a few branches and some pine needles for kindling.

Pete produced a flat silver box filled with matches from one of his pockets, explaining that Hilary and he always carried them on picnics. With careful instructions from him, Pam built her fire and persuaded it to burn.

It was quite dark by now, and the bright glow was welcome. Up above, in the black night sky, one big brilliant star after the other began to appear—and at last, emerging suddenly out of a bank of clouds, the full moon, riding high above the mountain top.

But moonlight and firelight combined made the shadows very black and sinister to Pam's city-bred eyes. She shivered a little, and Pete turned an accusing gaze her way.

"You are cold, Pam Strong." His voice was peremptory. "I'm simply not going to be bossed any longer. I'm used to nights out of doors, and you're not. Take this coat and put it around you—and no back talk." He sat up energetically.

"Oh, Pete!" Pam wailed, and then, with a quick change of mood, sat forward, head cocked to listen. "I hear something," she said breathlessly. "Listen! That's a car coming down the mountain."

A station wagon, much like the one Charles had bought for their use in the Canyon, presently appeared around the bend in the trail, traveling at a reckless speed considering the sharp down grade, and halted before the fire. A man neither Pete nor Pam had ever seen before was in the driver's seat. He alighted first and was immediately followed by Tim.

"Gosh," Tim greeted them fervently, "we've been traveling for years, or it felt like it. I thought we'd never get here." He turned to Pete. "Do you really feel all right, old man?"

"Barring the grandfather of all headaches," Pete said with a grin. "I suppose," he added, "that you came round the long way, up the other side of the mountain, to avoid the river? I told Pam that was the best."

Tim nodded. "Remember that last house we noticed on the desert, before we took the Rincon Road at the fork? I got there just as Mr. Gardner here—" his hand on the arm of the stranger indicated that he was the owner of that name—"and his wife were sitting down to supper. But when I burst in on them, all wet and looking like a tramp, they hardly gave me time to tell them what the matter was before Mr. Gardner was backing the station wagon out of the garage and Mrs. Gardner was bringing out blankets and pillows to make Pete comfortable on the trip back. And—here we are!"

Pam said suddenly, "Tim—you were wonderful! You probably saved Pete's life, and you certainly risked your own in that flood. Glory, but Judy'll be proud—and Charles!"

In the bright firelight, she saw a muscle in Tim's thin cheek twitch.

"It isn't exactly easy for me to say this, Pam," he said, drawing her aside, "but I can tell you I've done a lot of thinking to-night.

First in that flood over there—in that minute when I thought it was all up with me. And then, later, on the drive back over the mountain, scared stiff about what I'd find."

He stopped, and Pam waited, wondering what was to come.

"It wasn't pleasant thinking," Tim went on. "I wasn't proud of myself, I can tell you. I've been acting—ever since I first met you, Pam—like a cad. No, I guess it's worse than that. Hurting Judy and being rude to you, just because I was plain jealous. Judy had been all mine up to then, you see, and I'd had all her attention. Until Charles came along, of course. But somehow, I couldn't resent him as much as I did you," Tim finished, as if determined to get his apology said once and for all, now he had started.

"I guessed that," Pam told him, feeling all her anger for the past vanishing into thin air. It had been hard on Tim. She could see that now, if she was fair with herself.

"I've been rotten to Pete, too," the boy went on grimly. "But I found out to-night that I'm—fond of you both. And I want you to like me, if you can, after the way I've acted. I'll probably never speak of this again, Pam. You'll have to remember and—well, just remember that I did say it—and meant it, too."

The owner of the station wagon, who had been talking to Pete, now turned toward them. Tim, recalling his obligations, introduced him to Pam.

"Mr. Gardner let me use his telephone," he added, "and I talked to Hilary at the ranch, and explained."

"But Charles and Judy?" Pam said, in quick anxiety. "There isn't any telephone up in the Canyon, of course."

"No, but Charles had driven down to the ranch to look for us. The storm was bad in the Canyon, and he was worried. He'll meet us at the hospital. Mr. Carewe insists Pete's wound must be dressed immediately."

"Pshaw, there's no earthly need of all this fuss," Pete objected.

Mr. Gardner broke in with quiet decision. "It seems a sensible precaution to me. So let's not waste any more time. Miss Pam can ride up in front with me, and the boys can stretch out on the pillows Mrs. Gardner sent, in the back."

Pam, in the front seat, promptly fell asleep, gradually sliding over and down until her head rested confidently against Mr. Gardner's shoulder. Back of them, Pete and Tim talked in low tones on a new, companionable note as they jounced over the sandy ruts on the trail.

A clock somewhere in Tucson was striking midnight as the station wagon drew up in front of the hospital. Three figures, pacing up and down the broad porch, turned at the sound, and came hurrying down the steps to meet them. They were Charles, Hilary, and Mr. Carewe, and all their faces looked so anxious under the glare of the entrance lights that Pam, wide awake now, felt her heart contract.

She was the first out of the car, and in her father's arms before the others had time to descend. "Charles, you mustn't look so scared," she cried. "Everybody's all right—I don't believe Pete's really hurt, though we're going to have him looked over to be certain."

Charles's arm tightened about her. "Praise be for that, Youngster," he said huskily. "It was a wild storm, even up in the Canyon. Rosita Creek ran amok, and our swimming pool's no more. The dam went out in the flood."

(To be continued)



*"The Sun Was Shining on the Sea,
"Shining with all its Might"*

JOAN lay on the warm sand, the June issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* open before her, her eyes fixed on the sixth installment of *The Desert Calling*. Beside her, Jean, bottle in hand, anointed her friend's shoulders with suntan oil. "Hurry up, Jin," Joan murmured. "I want to read this, and you joggle me. I've had to read this paragraph three times."

Jean pushed back her immense Mexican hat. "Never mind, old lady," she said. "You're going to be oiled, joggles or no joggles, on account of the Florida sunshine is so hot. If you aren't careful, you'll be broiled like a beefsteak."

"Okay, go ahead. I guess I can stand it," murmured Joan.

● Presently she closed the magazine and sat up. "Well, that's that. It's a peach of a serial, isn't it?"

"Sure," agreed Jean, fanning herself with her hat. "And there's plenty more good reading where that came from. The new Lucy Ellen story, *Where Duty Calls*, for instance—and there's another Dil-

sey story, *Made in Martinstown*."

"Let's read that when we go back to the hotel," said Joan, brushing sand from her bathing suit.

"Right," agreed Jean. "There's a Western story, too, that has an unusual plot. It's by Neola Tracy Lane, and it's called *Say It With Music*."

● "Have you read Margaret Chapman's article, *Are You Planning to Be a Camp Counselor*?" Joan asked. "That ought to please a lot of kids who want to go in for counselors' jobs when they are old enough."

Jean nodded emphatically. "Uh, huh. And that article *is* something, let me tell you. Miss Chapman is one of the camp people on the National Staff of the Girl Scouts—and does she know her stuff!"

Her companion opened the magazine again. "The National Parks articles by Dorothy Childs Hogner are awfully good. This one is about Boulder Dam. I've always wanted to see it." She turned the pages thoughtfully. "Look here, Jin," she

said, indicating a fine spread of photographs. "These character dolls are designed, made, and dressed by Muriel Atkins Bruyere. The article says that Mrs. Bruyere models the heads from portraits of real people, or from famous illustrations."

"Wouldn't that be a good troop project, provided the girls in the troop have some artistic ability?" asked Jean. "Let's suggest it when we get back." She glanced up at the sun, high in the dazzling Florida sky. "We'd better be getting back to the hotel, if we're going to read the magazine after lunch and finish our packing this afternoon, too. Won't it be a thrill to go home by plane to-morrow? I can hardly believe we're going to fly North in less than twenty-four hours!"

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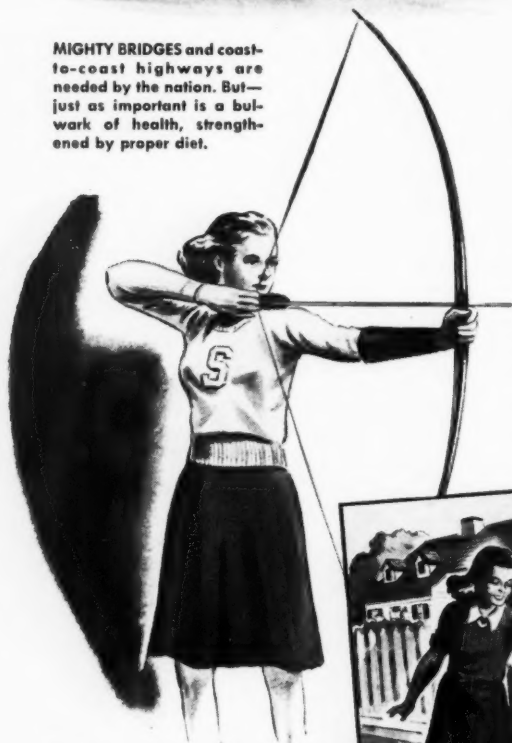
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